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Whither Britain?—XI

By the Rt. Hon. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

AFTER a strenuous public life of forty years of unbroken activity without much leisure, I have spent most of the last two years in the country, farming and writing my war recollections. That seclusion has given me an increasing sense of detachment from party strife. As an old Parliamentarian I am still naturally interested in watching the arena, but I find that I get much less excited about the struggle of political parties in the House of Commons, than I do over an international Rugby match. However, I read assiduously all available information about what is going on in the world outside and I have more time, and what is of greater importance, more tranquillity than I enjoyed formerly to think about it and to assimilate its lessons. I should like to give those who care to listen to me the general impression I have formed as a result of my meditation as to Britain's immediate future.

I have a profound feeling that there is no clear realisation amongst those who have the direction of affairs or of opinion, of the magnitude and depth of the most urgent problems with which civilisation is being confronted today. For that reason the measures adopted to deal with these questions are inadequate and in the nature of temporary shifts and patches that do not and cannot deal effectively with the real evils and are therefore not likely to achieve any permanent results of a beneficial character. Where there is a degree of understanding of the peril,

there is a sense of impotence which is paralysing high endeavour. I will give one or two illustrations. Let us take first of all the question of disarmament. Here I think there is a genuine apprehension everywhere of the consequences of maintaining gigantic national armaments which are more costly and more destructive than those which were responsible for the Great War. But after over a decade of agitation and conference at Geneva and elsewhere, the nations seem to have abandoned all hope of removing this menace to civilisation, and in sheer despair are engaged in actually increasing it by each of them strengthening their individual forces, trusting thereby at any rate to attain partial security for themselves. Since the effort to achieve an allround reduction was first made at Geneva, national armaments have expanded enormously in all directions; and this year all the great nations—the U.S.A., France, Germany, Soviet Russia, Japan and ourselves—are augmenting their expenditure upon the weapons of war. It is rather significant that the only scene of enthusiasm witnessed for some time in the House of Commons was when Mr. Baldwin stated that in certain contingencies, which I fear are not at all unlikely, the Government contemplate a measure of re-armament on a great scale. There is no security against ultimate war except the application of the Versailles conditions of disarmament to all nations alike—that is, the reduction of armies and the breaking up of arms to the point where they will be adequate to provide a police force for the preservation of internal law and order, but not powerful

enough to tempt any nation to aggression against its neighbours. We are a long way off that ideal. There is no halfway house between its attainment and inevitable war.

Plenty Has Produced Poverty

My other illustration will be taken from the economic situation. Here, in so far as it is understood, there is the same sense of impotence—at least in most countries, including our own. All this extravaganza of restrictions, quotas, high tariffs which we witness in every land, implies a sense of despair. Each country is engaged in trying to wall out the depression which is passing over and from other lands, and by that means it is creating an artificial drought in its own. I do not propose to enter into the respective merits of free trade and protection. I am bound to accept the fact that we have become a highly protected country and that there is no prospect in the immediate future of persuading the nation to revert to free trade. I base my survey and suggestions on that assumption. These barriers undoubtedly aggravate some of the worst evils from which we are now suffering, but the causes of our economic troubles lie deeper. Whether under tariffs or under free trade plenty has produced universal poverty. The essential paradox of the world's economic trouble, including our own, is that under our existing economic system the exuberance of the earth's gifts has resulted in creating a famine in millions of households. The economic system under which we work has been shown up by the world crisis to be a pretentious fraud which has robbed humanity of its fair share of the good things which science has produced in abundance for the benefit of mankind.

No Recovery Without Reconstruction

If Britain's destiny is to be assured as a great and prosperous community that can maintain its straining population in progressive comfort, and provide it with the amenities and opportunities of a highly-civilised people, then we ought to examine evils, causes and remedies fearlessly without any regard to accepted theories or rooted prejudices. Having done so, we must apply the essential cure straightforwardly. There can be no recovery without reconstruction. Where necessary we must pull down, then reconstruct and rebuild on solid foundations with carefully-thought-out plans and sound material. We should do it in the bold and courageous spirit displayed by President Roosevelt, but without awaiting the terrible crash which compelled him to take such drastic action to save his country from revolution. America, with her gigantic natural resources, can survive the catastrophe that befell her financial and economic system. We are a very small country and might not be able to do so.

The existence for a period of thirteen years of abnormal unemployment in our midst, and the increasing devastation over that period of once prosperous industrial areas ought to be sufficient proof that there is something radically wrong in our industrial and financial system. An unemployment fluctuating between one and three millions will force us in the end to grapple with this muddle. The longer we delay the more difficult will be the task and the greater will be the dangers we run.

Here are the two practical issues arising out of the unemployment problem with which we shall be compelled to deal, if we are to avoid a social upheaval. The first is the provision of work for those who are unemployed owing to the abnormal conditions created by the world crisis. The other is the absorption of the exceptionally high minimum of unemployment which has existed in this country since the War, whatever the state of world trade may be. Let us take the first.

For the time being, there is a steady recovery which gives hope that the world may be emerging from the crash of 1931; but if this spurt in trade blinds us to the fundamental facts that lie underneath the troubles from which we have been, and still are, suffering, and the need for tackling them, then it will be a curse and not a blessing.

Trade is improving, and we rejoice at it. Take the last year—from March, 1933, to March, 1934. The U.S.A., which had at the beginning of that year 12 to 15 millions of unemployed, has succeeded in reducing the number by 4 millions. Germany, which had over 5 millions unemployed, has brought the figure down, according to a *Times* report, by over 2½ millions. Our figures show an improvement of half-a-million during that period. But each of these countries has still a huge army of willing workers for whom there is nothing to do, and who have to be maintained out of public charity. We have still well over 2,300,000 of registered unemployed. To these must be added the black-coated who are out of a job and whose number at least 300,000. They constitute the most hopeless contingent of the workless. For them there is no dole.

Irreducible Minimum of Unemployment

The number of the unemployed here, and probably in other countries, will continue to diminish, but our experiences since the War show that there is an irreducible minimum of at least a million for whom there is no work, even in a trade boom. In 1928, when there was a wave of prosperity sweeping over the world and our trade rivals had practically no unemployment problem, our figures of the workless never descended below the million. Before the War, that would have been regarded as alarming. Since the War, it has become here the normal condition of our labour market. That is partly due to the fact that Britain is the largest international trader in the world. Since the War, every country has developed its own manufacturing facilities, its own fuel resources and its own shipping to the utmost limit attainable. Both in exports of manufactured goods, coal and shipping we have therefore suffered more severely than any other country. The increased restrictions and barriers, which have been set up in recent years by all countries, including our own, have since 1929 further reduced international trade in quantity by a third, in value by one half. Although there are quite a number of conferences going on between nations to ease the situation, I can see no immediate prospect of any appreciable change being effected. A brick may be chipped here and there, but the walls will remain for some years at a prohibitive height. We must not therefore expect much relief in this direction for our export and shipping trades upon which so large a proportion of our population have always depended for their living. That accounts for the exceptionally high figures of unemployment in the coal and cotton areas and in our great seaport towns.

When world recovery enables us to bring our unemployment figure down to a million, then will come the inevitable trade reaction and once more the figures will mount upward. Twice since the War have we exceeded the two million mark—first in 1921, when we reached the figure of 2½ millions. In fifteen months' time it came down to 1½ millions and remained in and around that figure for seven years, even when world trade was brisk and prosperous. Then came the second collapse, and this has lasted nearly five years. Just before the present Prime Minister came into power in 1929, our unemployed numbered 1,177,000. Today, the number stands at over double that figure. If it dwindles at the present rate, then, by 1936, we may be down again in the neighbourhood of the refractory million. But I predict that, unless some drastic measures are taken to deal with the problem soon, then before this decade is over, we shall be back again over the two million limit.

The Cost of Unemployment

What has it cost us? Since the middle of 1920, we have spent £1,100 millions in maintaining the unemployed in idleness. It has been a meagre and stinted allowance we have been able to spare them. It is generally agreed that it is utterly inadequate to provide the comforts of life, and

(Continued on page 502)



It will take many weeks of heavy rains to compensate for the 30-ft. drop in the water-level in the reservoir near Langsett (Yorks), shown here
Topical Press

Thirsty England

By S. L. BENSUSAN

Broadcast on March 12, after Mr. Bensusan had journeyed through Essex and East Anglia, investigating the seriousness of the water shortage, which has been mitigated only very slightly by recent rains

FEBRUARY, filler of dykes, has disappointed us, though I cannot agree with the angry farmer who told me on Saturday night that February had been a wash-out. His misfortune is that it was nothing of the kind. So far, March has been doing a dismal best intermittently, but it cannot hope to make up half the arrears of rain that are owing to England—England which, failing a more liberal supply, will soon cease to deserve Blake's description of a 'green and pleasant land'. April showers are superficial things at best. The truth is that we are face to face with a crisis.

For a start, let us consider the requirements of man and beast. In rural England, the districts that are hardest hit, baths are like museum pieces, modern sanitation is hardly known and many excellent old folk look upon both baths and drains with suspicion as 'new-fangled notions'. The allowance for the farm labourer, his wife and his children, if they are to have all the water they need, is from two to five gallons per day per head. In the towns, where people merely turn on a tap and find that their faith is justified by their waterworks, the consumption per head is twenty-five to thirty gallons—London allows forty; in hospitals or sanatoria the daily allowance per head is fifty. This is not such a lot, after all; in ancient Rome among the comfortable classes we

learn that the average daily consumption was estimated at one hundred.

In Essex and Suffolk, where I have spent three very interesting days, the situation is difficult; rainfall is never good; while a gallon falls in the Lake Country, Essex must put up with a pint, though her needs are infinitely greater. One Medical Officer of Health, whose reputation gives weight to his words, said to me, 'What I dread is a sudden fall in the present water levels. If nothing of this kind occurs and if we have time to co-ordinate the efforts of different districts, we ought to get through without much hardship. We have had no cases of zymotic disease at present and there are no definite indications by which we can foresee outbreaks. We are equally unable to say that there is no danger'. Essex depends very largely on four rivers: Stour, Chelmer, Blackwater and Ter. In the last three the water level has fallen, but the Stour is very prodigal and would, if it could, waste twenty million gallons a day. Water companies take six of these at present, so that a big margin is left. But there is a further problem. This river water is first treated and then carried for miles through pipes. Local Authorities might tap those pipes by arrangement, but do not do so, either because they don't like water that has been treated or because of the expense. Chlorinated water can be rather unpleasant.

I drank it more than twenty years ago in Toronto and can recall the taste. Doubtless modern treatment is better. Another problem before the powers that be is the growth of bungalow towns, those horrid excrescences on a fair landscape for which Essex is infamous and with which Suffolk is tainted. We have today fast-growing districts like the Vange and

although the coffee is all right, few country people drink coffee. Suffolk village folk like their pond water when they can get it, although they do complain a little when the roads are tarred and the water washes off the roads into their ponds. They say the tar overcomes the taste of the tea. Some of this water might make you or me very unwell indeed, but those who drink it regularly have grown immune.

Heavy-land arable farmers of Suffolk and Essex who have no dairy herds and carry very little stock don't trouble about drought. There's an old saying among them, 'drought never brought dearth'.

In Essex, the rainfall fell from nearly twenty-one inches in 1932 to less than fourteen in 1933; seventy-three parishes were reported to the Ministry of Health as being dependent on private wells, springs, ponds and rain water, and there were fifteen parishes in which the public water supply failed wholly or in part. Remember that conditions were better when these reports were received than they are today, and that rural Essex holds more than a quarter of a million men, women and children.

At Great Totham, where the shortage has been acute, I found pipe-lines being laid and one of the men on the work told me that the total length would be sixteen miles. The Stour pipe-line is not nearly so far away; perhaps it will be tapped at several points. In any case here was evidence of an effort

to serve a particularly dry village. I heard of a man who, in the season of greatest need, took a lorry load of milk cans, filled them at a place fifteen miles away and brought the water home to sell. A day later I was in Braisthorpe near Eye in Suffolk and found that people must tramp a mile-and-a-quarter to fetch water from a pump on the Ipswich-Norwich road. At Denham, a nearby village, people were going to Eye, three miles off, for their drinking water, and a week ago a petition was presented by Braisthorpe to the Eye Bench asking for a well. 'I'd get right out of this part if I could',

Queueing up for their water supply. The villagers of Middleton-by-Wirksworth, Derbyshire, had a daily allowance of two buckets full of water per person, which they had to fetch during the ten minutes that the pump tap was turned on each day

Pitsea areas in Essex where the people must depend entirely on rain; if that fails they must employ water carts.

Farmers in certain areas are suffering badly. I went out into the Dengie Hundred and called upon a friend in a dry corner. He has two dairy farms and he must use several hundred gallons a day. His largest pond, like so many others, has at last revealed those hidden depths in which tin cans thought they had found a decent burial place. His wells are dry. He must cart water for three or four days a week. The source he uses is a mile from one farm and four miles from the other. The water must be poured down his own empty well, then pumped up into the cisterns so as to be available in the cow houses. For domestic purposes the supply must be cut to a minimum; it is difficult to keep a clean house. This is a typical case, there are thousands like it. Every cow and every bullock needs ten gallons every day, every horse as much.

It is reassuring to learn that the health officers in Essex and Suffolk are grappling with their problem and are not underestimating it. Essex has engaged a water engineer of standing to go round the rural areas with the County Health Inspector and make a thorough survey. In Suffolk, local authorities are being encouraged to organise helpful schemes, and places with big supplies are helping less fortunate ones. I heard of a school that is watering a village. The situation is in hand.

For dry clay-land areas, such as you find in Suffolk between Saxmundham and the sea, emergency measures are being planned to cart water, because the shallow ponds are only half full and the water is of poor quality. Trouble seems near. Some towns are fortunate: Ipswich, for example, has an underground river; Colchester has ample resources and can tap the Stour pipes at need. Experts say that Suffolk has more than enough water to meet all requirements if you bore deeply; the trouble is that water from the deep bores is very hard, often tainted with iron oxide. This makes bad tea and



A short cut through a shrunken reach of the Thames, near Richmond

one farmer said to me. The ponds in that part were dry through last summer and the horse ponds are described as hardly fit for animals. I saw thick green slimy water in some. Another resident said that his ponds were not quite dry but one month of drought would finish them. One farmer cannot thresh his stacks because there is not sufficient water in his ponds to feed the engine.



In Butterwick Yorkshire, the farmers must fetch water from long distances for their thirsty cattle

From Braisthorpe I went to Naughton near Hadleigh in Suffolk. The village gets its water in normal years from a pond on the green, fenced against stock. This pond, a resident told me, was dry from August to January and the village had to cart from Bildeston, more than two miles away. In Naughton and the neighbouring village of Nedging there are no wells; I believe one was sunk near Nedging and the water was undrinkable. In yet another village that has one or two wells and a large number of poultry keepers, men have to sit up very late or rise very early to get water for their birds, and poultry-keepers are unpopular. 'This scramble for water is getting serious', I was told, 'and all for those blessed birds'. When I come to think of it, this is not precisely what he called them, that plain blunt man. In West Suffolk there are some bad patches, between Glemsford and Bury. Conditions already described repeat themselves.

It is a gloomy situation, but the light of laughter touches it now and again. In an Essex lane, near a village where old folk linger and the dialect keeps company with them, I met a labourer, toiling up the hill with a pail three parts full.

'Have you been doing this for long?' I asked him.

'Ever since th'owd pump give out', he replied.

'You're lucky in hav-

ing a stream', I reminded him, 'they say the water's good'. He nodded approval.

'I'm fetchin' this f'r me wife', he said. 'Wimmen set a wunnerful store by water. There's their tea and there's allus sornthin' they wanter wash, child'en an' clothes an' sech'. I nodded agreement, and he gave me his great thought.

'Water ain't same as beer, mind ye', he said solemnly, looking down on the pail he had put at his feet while he talked, 'but time you ain't got any, you feel th' miss of it'.



Padlocked pump in Essex—opening hours 8 a.m. and 7 p.m. for two hours only

A Pageant of Runnymede will take place from June 9-16 on the site of the signing of Magna Carta. Performances will be given twice daily, at 2.30 and 7.30 p.m., and the proceeds will be given to local hospitals and charities. The Prologue and Epilogue have been written specially by Mr. John Drinkwater, and eight episodes will be presented of incidents in the development of the English nation. Dame Sybil Thorndike, Lady Forbes Robertson, the Misses Irene and Violet Vanbrugh, and Sir Barry Jackson will be among those taking part: all together there will be 5,000 performers. Accommodation is being provided for 7,500 spectators, and prices for admission will vary from 1s. 6d. to 21s. Tickets and information are available from the Pageant Booking Office, Runnymede Lodge, Egham, Surrey.

The Fall of Baghdad

By EDWARD THOMPSON

Broadcast on March 10; the day before the anniversary of the capture of Baghdad from the Turks in 1917

I WANT you to imagine a map which represents a great square of desert, with a river running diagonally across it, from north-west to south-east. That river is the Tigris. In the upper left-hand (north-west) corner of the square is Baghdad; in the lower right-hand corner, a hundred miles away, is Kut, the village where General Townshend surrendered, in April, 1916, with the largest British force that any enemy had ever captured. He surrendered after a four months' siege, during which British-Indian armies tried to relieve him. The relief force had to make frontal assault after assault, over a plain bare of any cover except occasional low tamarisk bushes—the last tree is many miles further down the Tigris, at a village which we called One-Tree Village. One division, the 7th Indian, went into action, January, 1916, twelve thousand strong; when Kut fell on April 29, this division had suffered twelve thousand five hundred battle casualties, in addition to terrible losses by cholera, typhoid, malaria and other diseases.

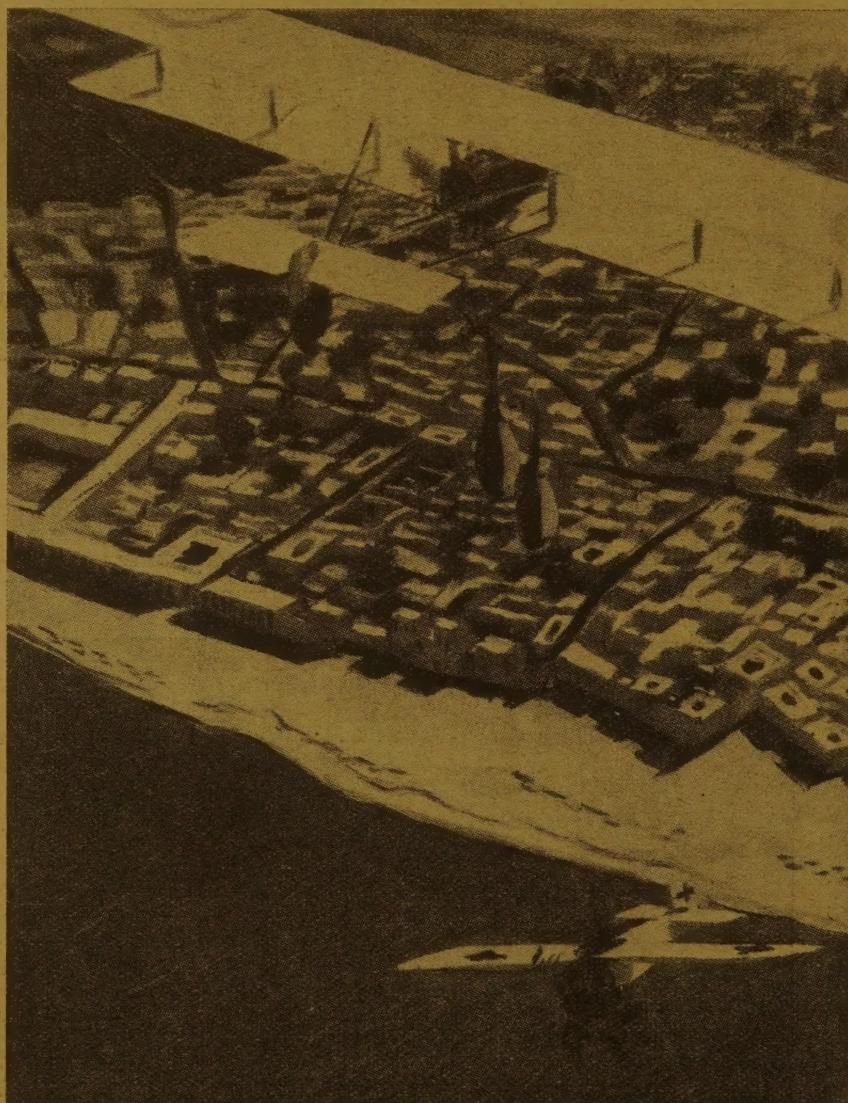
Eight months after the fall of Kut, we fought over the same plain, this time with success. From first to last, on this thirty miles' stretch of desert below Kut a score of pitched battles were fought. It cost us not less than sixty thousand battle casualties, counting Townshend's losses in Kut.

Kut fell on April 29, 1916. For six months the divisions which had failed to save it remained before it, enduring the grimness of a Mesopotamian summer. In the autumn they were strengthened and made ready. On the night of December 12, the cavalry on the right bank of the Tigris moved forward, and the drawing close of the net about the Turks in and around Kut had begun. That night, and for many nights following, we who were at Sannaiyat, fifteen miles below Kut, opposite the Turks on the left bank of the Tigris, watched the flares of the cannonading, as they expanded and leapt up in swiftly vanishing arcs; and wondered when our own turn would come. The Turks had made the mistake of leaving pockets of men on the river's right bank, inside its numerous bends. These were slowly mopped up, in bomb and bayonet work from trench to trench. On February 17, an attack was made on the left bank also, at Sannaiyat. There had been heavy rain, and Mesopotamian mud is the most tenacious in the world, a glutinous amalgam; largely for this reason, the

attack failed. We had already fought three unsuccessful Battles of Sannaiyat, ten months previously, in the failure to relieve Townshend; this was the Fourth Battle. Five days later, on February 22, the Fifth Battle of Sannaiyat was fought, simultaneously with a crossing of the river above Kut. The Turk, with his enemies already straddling across his lines of retreat, fought magnificently. He made six counter-attacks; and, though our guns blew great holes in him, he came on again and again. But in the end he had to run.

No one who experienced the incredible lightning of spirit which followed will ever forget it. We had been pinned down in the desert. And now, suddenly, we found ourselves sleeping, not in trenches or tents, but in the open, in the battered Turkish positions, in places where, even one day previously, no one had dared to show his head. Our maps had become useless in a night; the Turk had run 'clean off the map'. The cavalry were at his heels; the miscellaneous Mesopotamian Navy had become a kind of water-cavalry, ships were chasing armies, were rushing up Tigris, and blowing them to pieces. The infantry grew foot-sore and red-eyed from lack of rest. We would doss down on the wet earth at 2 a.m. and a couple of hours later lanterns were flashing in our faces, and we had to be off again.

Then the opposition stiffened. Just below Baghdad, Diyala comes in from the Tigris' left, and throws a protecting arm before the city. The first attempts to cross the Diyala failed; pontoons manned by dead men came floating down the Tigris. On the night of March 8, 1917, however, a hundred men of the Lancashires got over, and held the Diyala crossing for thirty hours, against incessant attacks, until it was secured. Meanwhile, on the right bank of the Tigris, the 7th Indian Division fought a two days' battle in a blinding sandstorm—on one waterbottle to each man—and entered the city, practically simultaneously with their comrades who had crossed the Diyala and moved up the left bank of the Tigris. Baghdad railway station was occupied at dawn, March 11. By noon we were surrounded by gesticulating women anxious to sell us eggs, chickens, oranges, and their own services. A great enemy capital can never have been entered so quietly. How casually we came in, a story which I heard within a



British aeroplane dropping sacks of corn on Kut-el-Amara during the siege in 1916: in the foreground is an enemy plane ascending to attack—Painting by Sydney W. Carline

By courtesy of the Imperial War Museum



The Navy in Baghdad—painting by Donald Maxwell

By courtesy of the Artist and the Imperial War Museum

dozen hours of the entry will illustrate. A European neutral who lived in Baghdad had listened all night long to the British guns coming closer and closer. Then, about 4 a.m. of the eleventh, he heard thundering knocks on his door; went down, and saw two men, as he put it, 'in women's dress', but he 'knew that they were men'. They were two Black Watch privates, who, realising that in a foreign land English would not do, looked sternly at him, and said, in Hindustani, 'Dekho, cha do' (look here! give us tea!). That was how he learnt that Baghdad had fallen.

Baghdad itself was a drab, disappointing city. But it lay in an oasis; and, after the desert, to be walking through green wheatfields, with leverets springing up, or through orchards of blossoming almond and apricot, was like paradise. Most of us merely passed through, to renewed and heavy fighting beyond. But the capture made a lasting difference to the whole War. Except for Jerusalem, which fell nearly nine months later, it was the only enemy capital which was captured and kept. It was a great name—Baghdad, the City of the Khalifs and the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. It touched imagination in every country. And its capture came when the Allied fortunes were very low, and when for many months more nothing cheering was to happen anywhere else.

Mesopotamia was detestable, the conditions were often indescribably hard and depressing. Yet the campaign was interesting. In a French battle, you were merely part of a five-hundred-miles-long volcano, a blind piece of humanity in eruption. In Mespot, your division—sometimes merely your brigade—often were the battle: you could see the whole show. Six weeks after Baghdad fell, my brigade in reserve sat below the crest of what Xenophon, in the year 399 B.C., called 'The Median Wall', and watched the battle of Istabulat as clearly almost as if it were a football match. I shall never forget seeing the Indian battalions of the 19th brigade going forward that day. The amazement then came on me, which has never left me, that men of another race than ours should endure such things for us and with us. But I believe no army ever had such comradeship as we had in Mesopotamia. We were isolated; we and the Turks were, as we used to say, two armies entirely surrounded by Arabs, and No Man's Land was the isthmus which joined us. We never saw a woman of any sort, or any kind of civilisation; we had to exist by ourselves, and it drew us very close together. There was just the one line of communication, the Tigris, which everyone had to use. In Palestine, where I served subsequently, the divisions were spread fanwise out over the whole front. But in Mespot we all had to run up and down the one river.

So it came about that, if you had been six months in the country, you seemed to know fellows everywhere; you could hardly go into a group of men, from Busra right up to the front, without someone shouting your name. Lastly, I think no army can ever have kept its cheerfulness by so many grim jests as we had. At Sannaiyat our lines were in places only eighty yards from the enemy's; and a British battery on the river's opposite bank, which we accused of plastering us as often as it did the Turk, was nicknamed 'the Absolutely Nootral Battery'. Just before the last storming of Sannaiyat, an unofficial *communiqué* was sent round, after this battery had done a bit of effective shooting—on the enemy—giving as items of War news the statements that President Wilson had ordered a fresh typewriter for his Notes to the belligerents, and that the Absolutely Nootral Battery had at last decided to cast in its lot with us. But some of the best jokes were undeliberate. There was a Scots sergeant I knew who was sent in charge of remounts, through country infested with Arabs. He reported his experiences thus. 'They fierred on us, sir'. 'Did you fire back?' 'No, sir, I thocht it would have enrraged them, sir'. 'But that's all rot, sergeant. This is war, and you are in an enemy country'. 'Aye, aye, I ken a' that. But a' the same, I'd have ye know, sir, that it's hairdry safe to be aboor'. And there was a Black Watch man of about forty, who always referred to the Tigris (that mass of black, shark-troubled liquid, always carrying dead men, dead horses, dead camels) as the 'burrn'. If you wanted water, 'Will you hae it oot o' the burrn, sir?' When tomorrow you are having your morning tea, will you think kindly of this good-natured old warrior—and of those other Scots, who demanded nothing of a conquered city but a cup of early tea?

Poets, writers, journalists and business men will all find something useful in *Hartrampf's Vocabularies*, which comprises synonyms, antonyms and relatives of all the principal words in the English language. 'Suppose', says the author in his introduction, 'a writer wishes to say a person is a fool, but wants a word that is more definite', he turns to the index ('f' section), where he finds the reference: 'fool, idiot, rrobb'. Turning to rrobb, he arrives at a splendid list of words capable of satisfying his feelings, starting with ape, jay, oaf and yap, and ending with dunderhead, loggerhead and nincompoop. It will be seen there is hardly one of us but will be able to enrich our vocabulary by the use of Mr. Hartrampf's volume, which is now in its third British edition and is published by the Psychology Publishing Co. (Manchester) at 7s. 6d.



The Listener

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Progress in School Broadcasting

PROOF of the fact that the Government and the Board of Education are keenly alive to the educational possibilities of the film and the wireless is to be found in the detailed reference to these topics made by Mr. Ramsbotham, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education, in his recent speech at Saffron Walden. A stage has been reached in the evolution of these two inventions when their significance as instruments of education is generally recognised; but the precise part they ought to play in supplementing the regular curriculum of school and college has not yet been definitively decided. Most good judges, however, agree with Mr. Ramsbotham that their educational value has a double aspect, first in the instructional field and, secondly, in the field of interest or illumination; and that of these two, the latter is the more important. 'Education', as Mr. Ramsbotham has pointed out, 'does not consist only of learning and doing. There is a place for appreciation, for the quiet, or it may be the exciting, reception of experience and achievement'. It is here that broadcasting has found itself able to perform its most valuable educational function, both for children and for the adult public. Life is a better educator than learning, and broadcasting takes its virtue from its contact with life rather than its contact with books. To quote Mr. Ramsbotham again, 'Broadcasting can bring to schools remote experiences, lively enthusiasms and unique personalities which but a few years ago were only available to a few privileged individuals. So it is possible for the schoolchild in the course of establishing relations with the world outside himself to enjoy and be influenced by new worlds very far removed from his own'. This kind of educational influence is less easily measured in its effects than formal classroom instruction. It also demands a special technique, different from the technique of ordinary teaching. Much has already been accomplished experimentally in defining the scope and methods of school broadcasting, and the same is true though to a lesser degree, because the conditions can less easily be treated in isolation, of adult educational broadcasting.

But, as Mr. Ramsbotham has pointed out, there is one indispensable pre-requisite to success in school broad-

casting—and that is, that the quality of reception in the schools shall be maintained at a high level. That there is still room for improvement here can be deduced from the experiences of Mr. P. M. Greenwood, who has lately been visiting schools under the auspices of the *Teachers' World* to see how the use of broadcasting is developing there. He points out that of the first twelve schools which he visited, only a quarter had achieved satisfactory reception; and that in some cases it was even difficult to hear clearly what was being said by the broadcast speaker, although the children who were listening in that particular case were taking notes! Unfortunately, the human ear is not very discriminating and fairly easily becomes accustomed to bad reception, but in view of the B.B.C.'s constant demonstrations it is disappointing that so many schools continue to be satisfied with such a low standard. The B.B.C. Education Engineers, placed at the disposal of the Council by the Corporation, have for some years now been making systematic investigations into conditions of reception in schools in different Local Education Authority areas. In most cases they find that the difficulty arises from a mistake in the initial choice of set. There is today less excuse than ever before for such mistakes, since the Central Council for School Broadcasting now publishes twice a year lists of apparatus on the market which has been approved by a panel of teachers and technical experts as suitable for use in schools. With this help available it seems strange that some arrangement should not be made by every Local Education Authority to ensure that only suitable apparatus is installed in schools, whether such apparatus is installed at the expense of the Authority or is purchased out of the school fund. No sensible teacher could feel that any step of this kind was a restriction on his freedom, and it would speedily put an end to the conditions described by Mr. Greenwood.

Week by Week

FROM April 22 onwards the B.B.C. will begin to use the twenty-four hour system of timing in place of the traditional twelve-hour system for its programmes, both as announced at the microphone and as published in print. The innovation is simple to understand, and less complicated than, for instance, the semi-annual changes due to Summer Time. Anyone who has travelled on the Continent must be familiar with the method of reckoning the hours of the day from 1 to 24 instead of from 1 to 12 twice over. It has the advantage of eliminating doubt as to whether for instance 9.30 means a.m. or p.m.; for under the new reckoning 9.30 p.m. will be replaced by 21.30 (although 24 o'clock will continue to be described as midnight). Since the most important part of the broadcast programme takes place in the evening, listeners will have to accustom themselves to reckoning in the less familiar numerical form. Thus the 7.30 p.m. talks will be relabelled as 19.30; the 9 p.m. evening news bulletin as 21.00; and so forth. The gain in clarity is obvious; and we may guess that if listeners appreciate this, it will not be long before other agencies than the B.B.C.—in fact all organisations that use systems of timing—will adopt the twenty-four hour method. A certain number of new clock- and watch-faces will be required, showing a double set of figures at each hour-division; otherwise the change-over can take place without fuss or inconvenience. The twenty-four hour clock seems one of those obvious propositions that we are surprised to find have not been adopted long ago.

* * *

'Why not film the *Odyssey*?' asks the writer of a recent leader in *The Times*. 'The field of epic has been strangely unexploited on the film . . . The *Volsunga Saga*, the *Song of Roland*, the Arthurian Cycle, all contain magnificent material; but

surely the supreme film might be made out of the *Odyssey*. The suggestion is attractive, and has awakened echoes of enthusiasm from scholars, travellers and literary critics. Yet on closer scrutiny the charm of the idea fades somewhat. Putting the *Odyssey* upon the screen is at least as difficult as translating it into English verse. It is true that the camera possesses an 'imaginative eye', but we have to think of it as operated not in accordance with the tradition and reverence of centuries of humane studies, but in accordance with the business instinct of a commercial producer. It would be no gain to translate the *Odyssey* into the somewhat crude conceptions that are the stock-in-trade of the average film producer and seem to please the average cinema audience. The only comparable examples in this field, such as the German film of the *Nibelungenlied*, have not been box-office successes; and our recent experience of the exploitation of history for film purposes hardly encourages us to think that the *Odyssey* would survive vulgarisation. Indeed, we may ask what technical advantages the film can bring to the presentation of the epic. No one will deny the peculiar power of the camera to create illusion; and if the *Odyssey* could be resolved into just a series of miraculous episodes it would certainly provide ideal material. But it is more than this. All great epics are part of a living tradition embodying the dreams and ideals of the race which has created them. It is doubtful, for example, whether any actor, however great, could create an Arthur embodying, as Malory's does, the mediæval conception of chivalry. When even a poet like Tennyson, in his pastiches of the Arthurian legends, can lose almost all of their original vigour and naivete, we can scarcely imagine a film producer succeeding. Similarly, if the *Odyssey* were deprived of those elements which give it its peculiar local spice and flavour, it could not seriously recommend itself by magical powers alone to a generation particularly 'debunked' about such things. The *Odyssey* a 'talkie'—and what talk? Snatches of Butcher and Lang spoken with a Hollywood accent, we suppose. One further recommendation has been made in favour of a film version of the *Odyssey*—its marvellous natural background. If we could be sure that the Garden of Alcinous would escape transportation to a Hollywood studio, this advantage might hold good. But if the lovely scenery of Ithaca is the real objective, why not let it take the form of the less pretentious but more satisfying travel film?

The only Roman theatre known in Great Britain is that at St. Albans, which was excavated and planned in 1847. It had a diameter of 193 ft., a corridor 9 ft. wide, and an auditorium extending over 240 degrees of a circle. The stage was 46 ft. long by about 9 ft. deep; the orchestra was 10 ft. below the level of the corridor. After a few had seen it, this unique monument was, according to the foolish *laissez faire* policy of the day, covered in again. The other classic example is the Roman town of Calleva Atrebatum (Silchester), excavated with great skill and labour over many years at the end of last century and the beginning of this, the nearest thing we have in this country to a Pompeii. How much else of value has been refused to permanent public inspection it were vain to enquire. Today it is a matter for congratulation that public opinion, slowly schooled by the fine object lessons provided by the Office of Works, the National Trust, and here and there by County Archaeological Societies and far-seeing owners of sites, is now behind the excavator—witness the preservation for all to see of the amphitheatre at Caerleon, and now at Verulam the intention to keep open the theatre, which, after a respite of 87 extra years under the mould, has once more been brought to light. A small but very impressive section of the second-century defences of the city has been cleared for preservation. The splendid work done on the three Verulamiums—British, Roman, and post-Roman—by Dr. and Mrs. Mortimer Wheeler for the Society of Antiquaries has been amply recorded. Future students will be able to look it all up in books, but there is little doubt that a century hence the visible remains will be a living inspiration to thousands when the experts' reports are hidden in comparative obscurity. In spite of these advances, however, places where the lay-out

of a Roman building or Roman structure can be seen are remarkably few—if a county can boast one, it is lucky. We should not be satisfied until ancient sites can be seen as easily as museums. There are plenty still awaiting the spade, and there is now no lack of expert excavators; the last decade must at least have trebled their number. The always smouldering historical sense, fanned by greater publicity and by easy access due to thousands of motor-cars, should in the near future become a steady flame. There is nothing more certain than that the public will increasingly visit ancient sites if they are reasonably exploited.

* * *

The exclusiveness of Cockneyism is threatened. A Manchester listener has asked the Radio Correspondent of the *News Chronicle* whether the latest addition to his family, born while the interval signal was coming through on his wireless set, is entitled to be called a Cockney? 'Born within the sound of Bow Bells' has long been the recognised condition of assuming the title of Cockney. But now that Bow Bells are so frequently broadcast to all corners of the earth, any baby's chance of being born a Cockney is enormously increased. The privilege can no longer be confined even to British subjects, and we may see the day when not merely Manchester babies, but French, German, and even Muscovite babies make good their claim to be labelled Cockneys. The dilution of Roman citizenship in the days of the Emperor Claudius was as nothing compared with this scattering of the Londoner's last shred of local pride.

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Our Scottish correspondent writes: While the Church of Scotland is still uneasily divided on the question of the admission of women as mere elders of the Kirk, Congregationalists in Scotland, as in England, have long accepted the right of women to function in the pulpit itself. Some years ago, following a brilliant academic career, Miss Vera Findlay was given the charge of the important Partick Congregational Church in Glasgow and ministered there with great success. In due course she married a member of her congregation, but as the Reverend Vera Kenmure her acceptability to the congregation was in no way diminished. Some months ago, however, Mrs. Kenmure became a mother, and her capacity to fulfil a dual function thereupon became a matter of congregational dispute; so bitter, indeed, that with an unequivocal reference to the dissension, she recently resigned the charge. It may be assumed at once that other than theological and practical considerations informed the parties to the civil war. As Professor A. A. Bowman puts it in a letter to Mrs. Kenmure: 'I am not unfamiliar with such possibilities. Having been brought up in a manse, I realise how untoward can be the attitude of professedly Christian people'. And to that extent the affair can be regarded as a typical comedy of church life in this land where schism is almost the breath of life. It is a misfortune, however, that the personal aspects of the squabble have obscured the issue; for that is important. The whole Presbyterian principle of democratic church government would appear to be involved, and this issue in Partick will bear importantly on the question as it affects the very much larger Church of Scotland. Liberal opinion, of course, is all on the side of Mrs. Kenmure; and the case for the woman in the ministry will almost certainly prove irresistible in the long run. In the meantime, we have been providentially provided with one of those causes on which we thrive, and one that will keep the Assemblies busy for some years to come.

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Foreign Affairs

Changing the Political Map without War?

By VERNON BARTLETT

UNTIL a few weeks ago I should have said that almost certainly there would be a war this spring between the Japanese and Russians over the territory which Mr. Pu-Yi, now Emperor of Manchukuo, is supposed to rule. War may come, and both Russia and Japan are preparing for it as fast as they can—the Japanese by building roads and railways and aerodromes all over the new Emperor's territory, and the Russians by encouraging Russians to settle in their far-eastern provinces and by organising an air force there which might be able to do immense damage to Japanese cities.

But if the war does come it probably won't be this year, and that's one small thing to be thankful for. The recognition of the Soviet Government by the United States and the Soviet preparations in the Far East are two factors which have encouraged caution in Japan. The Russians themselves could hardly want a war which gave them such long lines of communication to defend and which would so interfere with the working of their five-year plans at home. The most difficult question between the two countries—the future of the Chinese Eastern Railway—seems well on its way towards a solution. Japan, or rather the Manchukuo government, will probably make Russia an acceptable offer for it, and there will no longer be the danger of incidents arising because a Russian-owned and Russian-run railway passes over territory governed nominally by a Manchurian Emperor and mainly by Japan. The prophets seem to agree on war in 1936, but perhaps it will be avoided altogether. So that there, at any rate, there is a political improvement. The danger of war makes governments look before they leap much more than used to be the case before we had a chance of seeing the chaos that a war can cause.

In the last century, for example, the European powers were busy fighting each other or the natives of other continents in order that they might get sufficient sources of raw materials. It is difficult to pretend that there were wars in China solely because European countries wanted to put down the traffic in opium; they made too much money out of China for one to believe that. The struggle for colonies or protectorates or spheres of influence in Africa was not carried through merely because these same European powers wanted to help the Negro; they did too well financially by making the negro grow rubber or dig up diamonds and gold for one to believe that their motives were entirely unselfish. One could give scores of examples showing that almost every country that was strong enough to do so, snatched land from which it could obtain valuable raw materials.

Now we are less interested in finding raw materials than in finding markets in which we can sell the products that we make out of them, and it's difficult to sell while the world is at war. But the higher the figure of unemployment, the more bitter becomes the struggle between the great producing countries for these markets, or the more anxious they become to prevent any other country from selling any goods in those markets that they have captured. We are faced with a tremendous problem. One effect of the search for new markets is that manufacturers have either to use more and more machinery or to pay lower and lower wages in order to keep down the costs of production as much as possible. In that sort of competition, the countries with a relatively decent standard of living are bound to lose. Almost every European country today, to give only one example, is worried about the way in which its markets abroad or even at home are being flooded with Japanese goods. Somebody recently pointed out in parliament that you could buy a Japanese bicycle in India for half-a-guinea, or a pair of Japanese socks for twopence. In South America our own principal competitor used to be the United States, but now the Japanese are so active in that part of the world that last year their exports to Peru went up by well over three hundred per cent., and to Brazil, Cuba and the Argentine by well over one hundred per cent. According to one of the most trustworthy French newspapers, Japanese bicycle tyres are on sale in Amsterdam for less than sixpence each, and in Switzerland, the home of watches, Japanese watches are being sold by weight for somewhere about six shillings a pound. The same paper declares that Japanese motor-cars will shortly be landed in European ports at fifty pounds apiece.

The fact that Japan has become industrialised, has bought machinery from us or the Americans, and is beating us at our own game, seems to me far more important than any squabble between France and Germany. It is important above all because the white races are already slightly outnumbered by the yellow races, and they form less than one-third of the total population of the world. Hitherto the whites have ruled the world, and nobody can say whether it is because, in the words of a well-known advertisement, they are 'plus a little something

some others haven't got', or whether it is merely that they developed their industry earlier than the other races. There is no doubt about the efficiency of the Japanese. I sometimes wonder whether the war between the white races of 1914-1918, the way in which they brought in coloured troops to help them, and the fact that they still go on building up armaments against each other, will not mark the passing of world leadership from the white races to the yellow ones, from Europe and North America back to Asia again.

Now let me come back to the area which, for the time being, seems most likely to produce another white man's war. The rivalry between the Great Powers to gain control over Austria seems to be diminishing. Germany in the past has pinned her hopes on the Nazis, France and Czechoslovakia have backed the Social Democrats, and Italy has put her money on the Heimwehr. The Socialists are out of it, at any rate for a long time to come, and their disappearance might be expected to make the rivalry between the other two more acute.

Actually it may do just the opposite. No startling attempt to gain control is likely from the German side. Herr Hitler knows that if a single platoon of German Nazis, or of Austrian Nazis in Germany, were to cross the frontier, there would be a war. And even if he were as anxious to have a war as many people here believe, he quite obviously does not want it now when he would have no chance of winning it. But nothing sensational is to be expected from the Italian side either. At the present moment Dr. Dollfuss and General Gömbös, the Hungarian Prime Minister, are in Rome talking over methods of strengthening the position of Austria and Hungary. Perhaps they will do it by a Hapsburg restoration—by putting the young Archduke Otto, now living in Belgium, on the throne. But that, too, might so easily lead to war that it is unlikely to be attempted.

Well, people say, the Heimwehr, who are now in charge of things in Austria, are very much under the control of Italy, and Austria will be, to all intents and purposes, an Italian protectorate. If that were so, the prospects of peace would be pretty bad, for Germany and the Little Entente countries—and for that matter, France as well—would distrust Italy's intentions. They would feel that Signor Mussolini was trying to gain control over the Balkans and they would organise to prevent it. But now we come to the most hopeful feature of the whole business. The Italians realise that Austria, if she had to depend upon either Italy or Germany, would certainly choose Germany, even under Nazi rule. Therefore, if they discouraged the idea that Austria could remain independent in the hope of running Austria's policy they would, in the long run, be playing into Germany's hands. If Austria is not to become Nazi, she must become really independent, and every neighbouring country must realise that it is to its own national interest to keep her so. The British do not want to rule over Holland and Belgium—they have tried to do so at different times in their history with unfortunate results—but they do want those two countries to remain independent, as their participation in the War of 1914 proved very conclusively. In the same way, France, Germany or Italy would be very uneasy indeed if one of them snatched part of Switzerland. The present Italian argument is that each neighbour of Austria will feel more secure if that country is independent than it would if it were able to bring Vienna entirely under its control.

The belief that this present meeting in Rome will strengthen Austria's independence rather than Signor Mussolini's influence over Austria has already done something to improve relations between France and Italy. It will do the same, probably, between Italy and the Little Entente. In the long run it may do the same thing between Italy and Germany. For German desire to control Austria would be considerably less strong if there were no fear that Italy is a competitor in the same field.

As an Austrian reminded me a few days ago, if men from each of the states which gained territory from the break-up of the Austro-Hungarian Empire happen to meet round a table, the one language which they are all able to understand is German. That is an asset for Germany which the Nazis would be foolish to destroy. They would destroy it if they tried to get hold of Austria by force, since all the neighbouring countries would be alarmed, angry and jealous. There are signs that Herr Hitler is putting an end to the violently anti-Dollfuss campaign which has been carried on by the Nazi enemies of Austrian independence. If he and Signor Mussolini are both coming to the conclusion that a free Austria would be to their ultimate advantage, then that area will cease to be Europe's worst danger zone.

We are, it seems to me, gradually working out a technique of changing the political map of Europe without war.

Round Europe—I

Loosening of Family Ties

By CICELY HAMILTON

WHATEVER country you may visit nowadays, if you once begin to talk of the relations of parents and children, you will be told that family feeling is not what it was and that the ties of the family are loosening. And that I imagine is true, practically everywhere; certainly I should say it is true of Germany, where I

have put an end to, at any rate in summer, by the modern German craze for open-air activity and sport. Craze is not too strong a word; the young German of today, the girl as well as the boy, has been bred to the cult of athletics and holds it a duty, as well as a pleasure, to devote the week-end to some form of bodily exercise. German week-ends are briefer than

our own, often no more than the freedom of a Sunday; and because it is only one day in length, every possible hour of the holiday must be given to sport and health culture. It may be said, with truth, that when the fashion for sport came in, the family gathering went out. The younger generation of Berliners, for instance, has no time to spare on Sundays for long dinners with relations; instead it takes its sandwiches, or its bread and sausage, and gets into a 'bus or a train or a steamer for one of the lakes that lie outside Berlin. And there, instead of sitting in a family circle, the younger generation swims and rows and sunbathes and otherwise disports itself athletically.

In Western Europe—in our own country, in Germany, France—the bonds of the family are being loosened from what may be called natural causes; the changes that, whether we like them or no, are taking place in our social system and bringing about changes in our habits. In Russia, however, family life has not only been influenced by these natural changes but by the new outlook of the Revolution. They are trying, they tell you, to build up a new kind of world, and in order to do that they must bring up the children with ideas and beliefs that are often



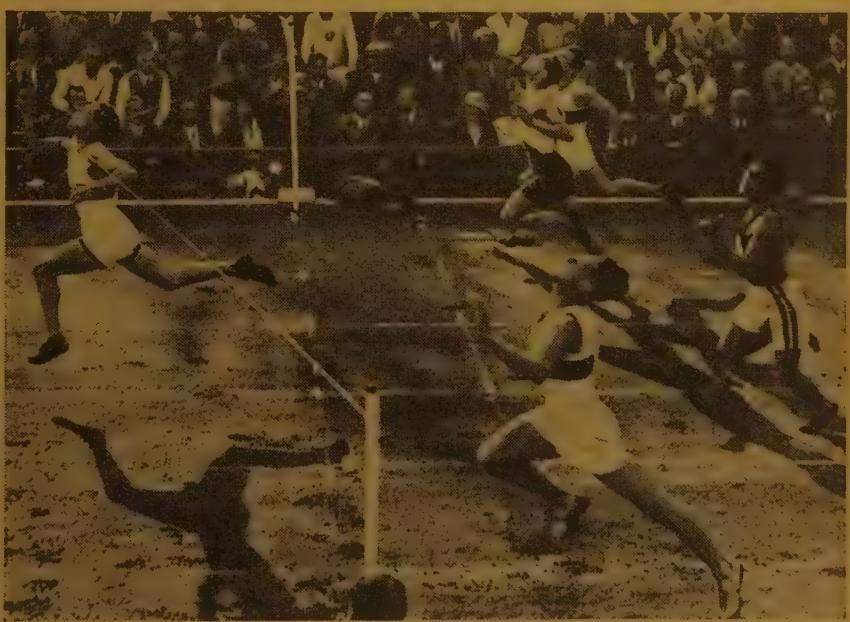
Where the traditional family spirit in Germany still survives—a German peasant family at supper.

Koralle

notice the change because I lived there for a time in my youth. Although the German family was never so closely united as the French, it used, I think, in the old days to be more of a unit than the average English family. It was taken for granted that there would be constant meetings between the brothers and sisters and cousins who lived within reach of each other. On Sunday, for instance, in many parts of Germany, there would be a regular gathering of the family clan; a married couple would spend one Sunday with the husband's parents, the next Sunday with the wife's—accompanied, of course, by all their children.

This custom of the family feast on Sundays has now fallen into disuse; in part, no doubt, for economic reasons. It was only the minority of Germans who were not hard-up in the years that followed on the War, and shrinkage of income, as a matter of course, put a check on the old hospitality. When an elderly couple had difficulty in obtaining the wherewithal for their own dinner, they would hardly offer to entertain children and grandchildren. And another reason for the discontinuance of these family gatherings was the housing difficulty; when everyone was short of dwelling-space and houses and flats were divided up, there was no room for large parties of relations. So children and grandchildren ceased to meet regularly and the bonds of the family were loosened.

But even if there had never been any shortness of money or housing difficulty, the gatherings would probably have



Devotees of the new cult of athleticism in Germany, which is tending to break up the traditional family week-end gatherings

Sport and General

quite different from the ideas and beliefs their parents were trained to in their youth. I don't think I am exaggerating when I say that as soon as it can speak the Russian child is encouraged to take an interest in the State and in politics—that is to say, in matters outside its own family; even in its kindergartens it will greet you with the slogan of 'Gotof', which means ready—ready in the service of the State. Once in a classroom of quite young children—none of them looking more than eight years old—I was witness to a quaint little cere-

mony, intended to impress the youngsters with their duty as citizens. Into the room where the rest of the class was assembled there marched a little procession of half-a-dozen children, each of them wearing a large cardboard placard, in the fashion of a sandwich-man, and one or two carrying megaphones. On each of the placards was an inscription in large letters which I was told by my guide was the name of some book it was considered desirable for the rest of the class to read. The sandwich children were drawn up in a row by their teacher and the megaphones were passed from mouth to mouth, as each in turn recommended the book whose title was writ on his placard. When all the solo recommendations had come to an end, then the whole row of sandwiches burst into a simultaneous shout of another of the slogans of New Russia: 'Without books there is no political knowledge; without political knowledge there is no Communism'. After this, the youthful politicians were allowed to disperse; which they did in the cheerful and unruly fashion which is common, all the world over, to children running out of school.

If one thinks of it, all the world over the school is inclined to weaken the influence of the family, by setting the authority of the teacher against that of the parent; and in Russia that tendency is carried to extremes, because there the intention is that children shall cast off the ideas of parents who were bred in the old-fashioned habits of thought and the old-fashioned religious faith. Children who have been taught that they know better than their parents in these matters have probably lost, very early in life, any sense of dependence on the family. But it is not only revolutionary education that makes for the weakening of family life in Russia; in the towns, at any rate, there is the house-room difficulty—the pressure of overcrowding which exists, I believe, in every industrial area, and which is made more acute by that lack of buses and suburban trains which is one of the first things that strikes the visitor to Russia. Because means of transport are not very plentiful—usually confined to trams—workers in offices and factories cannot live very far from their work; which naturally makes for overcrowding. Some day there is to be a suburban railway in Moscow which, when it comes, will make things easier in the capital; and there are housing and town-planning schemes, of course, but they have not yet caught up with the shortage of bricks and mortar. Meanwhile the inevitable overcrowding is anything but favourable to family life; it is obviously impossible to make a real home when all sorts and conditions are packed close together, and rooms are shared out amongst people who have hitherto been strangers to each other. As is well known, child welfare work has been pushed forward with energy in the Soviet Union, and perhaps one of the reasons for the frequency of the creche and the kindergarten is because they are so greatly needed in the overcrowded towns of Russia. Because their own housing accommodation is so limited, parents will naturally wish their children to spend as much time as possible in the welfare institutions, which are healthier and more comfortable than the home.

And it isn't only the children of New Russia who are losing the family habit; for the same reason—lack of accommodation—their elders also will be inclined to spend their leisure hours

outside the home; in their factory-clubs or in the Parks of Rest and Culture where there are recreation grounds and sports grounds and dancing-halls. It is in these public institutions that they, like their children, find comfort which they cannot get under their own roof; and this habit of living as much as possible outside the home—as a member of the community rather than a member of the family—must have a good deal to do with the lessening of family feeling.

Even in France the ties of the family are loosening, but all the same it will probably be some time yet before they hang as loose on the average Frenchman as they do on the average Englishman. For we English, unless we have lived in France, don't really know what a family is; we have parents and brothers and sisters and other relations—and we are quite fond of some of them—but that isn't at all what a Frenchman understands by his family. The family in France has always been a little community to whose interests and welfare the individual member was expected to subordinate his own.

Also there has always been a strong tradition of clannishness which enables relations to live together under the same roof in numbers amounting to a tribe—and to all appearances quite amiably. Sisters-in-law and mothers-in-law and grandmothers and grandchildren and brothers and uncles will meet constantly and seemingly without quarrel—at any rate if they do quarrel, they keep the matter to themselves. And this close-knit, clannish life with his relations is, I think, the reason, or partly the reason, why a Frenchman's attitude towards marriage is somewhat different from our own. His marriage is not nearly such an individual affair as the Englishman's; his wife, in a very



Young Russia begins its communal life early—babies at a nursery centre in the Trans-Baikal region

From 'U.S.S.R. in Construction'

literal sense, will be one of the family; a member of a circle which meets frequently and really has a life in common. If the circle is to continue to live comfortably together, new members must be the kind of people who fit in with its habits and manners. We can see therefore why it has always been so important in France that sons and daughters when they settle in life, shall make a suitable choice, and that marriage itself has been hedged round with legal precautions and formalities which make it difficult for young people to marry without the consent of their relations. I remember the astonishment of a Frenchman when I told him that it was possible for young people to marry in England without reference to their relations. I believe that he was really shocked; matrimony seemed to him too serious an undertaking to be solemnised in this slipshod fashion. We may think such supervision does not make for happiness; but I should say there are as many happy marriages in France as there are in England.

But even the French family is feeling the modern influence. Nowadays girls and young men meet and make acquaintance in offices and workshops, or perhaps in colleges where they are fellow-students, or on sports grounds. And, as a matter of course, they make their own friends, apart from the family circle; and when it comes to the choosing of husband or wife, their own inclinations will probably count for a good deal more and the interests of the family for less—and here again, all except the very old-fashioned will admit there is something to be said for the change.

The Far East—XI

Japan is Changing

By A CORRESPONDENT FROM TOKYO

IHAVE been asked to describe some of the changes that have taken place quite recently in Japan—say, in the past two or three years. I will begin by some small matters which may strike you as trivial and even frivolous, but which will perhaps provide a clue to the meaning of other changes that are not so visible on the surface.

A traveller returning to Japan in 1934, after an absence of two or three years, is first of all struck by the great increase in motor traffic, and, in general, by the speeding-up of transport not only in the cities but in the country. Walking about the streets, he observes a large number of fine new specimens of modern architecture. He notices that many more women and girls are wearing what is called 'foreign' dress. By 'foreign' in Japan we mean that which is not Japanese, but European or American. The wearing of foreign dress is not new. But what is new, is the elegance of the clothes. The change from the dowdy to the smart has come with great rapidity, and it may be said that within the last two or three years Japan has seen the adoption of completely new standards of personal adornment for women. The modiste and the milliner, the beauty parlour, the fashion journal, the shingle, the permanent wave, the lipstick and the powder of the moment—all these are now no longer a rarity but a commonplace.

Next to attract attention are the innumerable cafés, restaurants, bars and dance halls that have sprung up all over the large cities. Their competition is a menace to the old-style 'teahouse' and the geisha, because their entertainment is cheaper, they provide a new kind of atmosphere and they give an opportunity for intercourse between young men and women which was difficult under the traditional social system of Japan. Perhaps the increased liberty allowed to girls is one of the most significant changes that has taken place in Japan of late years. Foreign dress—the short skirt instead of the long kimono—has given them freedom of movement; and their demure manners could scarcely be expected to survive the introduction of athletics. In a very short space of time outdoor sports have made an astonishing difference in the physique and deportment of the Japanese schoolgirl.

Of course, the old restraints have not entirely broken down. But there can be no doubt that the social life of the Japanese has become more elastic and spontaneous, less bound by convention than it formerly was. That dancing and athletics have helped to produce this change is obvious to anyone who frequents ballrooms or joins in winter sports or, best of all, visits a popular beach in summer and finds it gay with coloured umbrellas, beach pyjamas, daring bathing costumes and crowds of animated young people of both sexes.

Many old Japanese institutions are struggling hard against the foreign influences which are making themselves so increasingly felt. You cannot conveniently wear flowing robes and wooden clogs if you have to leap rapidly on to omnibuses or underground trains. You have not time to exchange ceremonious bows and formal compliments with your friends. Life in a modern Japanese city is becoming too speedy for leisurely plays and long-drawn-out stage speeches, so that the traditional Japanese theatre seems to be giving way before the revue and the cinema. In the picture galleries oil paintings in an extremely modern manner are displacing the old style of delicate water colours on silk. The national music is losing ground, and concerts of Western music attract huge audiences. Gramophone records of classical composers, to say nothing of jazz, sell by the

thousand, and as I write these lines Beethoven's Ninth Symphony is being relayed from Berlin by the Tokyo Broadcasting Station. Almost every week a new English word makes its way into Japanese speech. Boxing is now popular; and words like 'punch' and 'knockout' have been naturalised. A few days ago an Osaka cotton magnate, addressing his shareholders, said that the Indian Government had by its new tariff given an 'uppercut' to Japanese trade.

The things which I have just mentioned are easily seen by any stranger walking about a Japanese city and watching its inhabitants at work and play. It is not so easy to tell what changes have taken place in the more intimate life of the Japanese in their homes, but here again foreign influence has been very strong. The construction of Japanese houses has not fundamentally changed, but there is a much greater demand



Short skirt and long kimono—fashions, new and old, which can be seen in the same street in contemporary Japan

From 'Japan: a Pictorial Interpretation' (Tokyo Asahi Shimbun)

for rooms and furnishings in foreign style. Many Japanese of almost every class now vary their diet with foreign food. There is throughout the country a much greater consumption of meat and bread, coffee, cereal breakfast foods, jams and fruits. More people wear woollen clothing—the 'pull-over' is almost universal.

Of course none of these developments is entirely new; but certainly they have all come on with great speed during the past two or three years. It is a little difficult to say why, but perhaps one of the chief causes has been economic. In 1931 Japan was commercially in the dumps. Nobody was making money, and trade was stagnant. There was throughout the country a good deal of discontent with political and economic conditions. Then came the Manchurian affair and the Shanghai incident, which, by creating what is called a war psychology, served to stimulate the national energies. At the beginning of 1932 Japan went off the gold standard. Now, with a cheap yen, she could export her goods cheaply and in great quantities; but she had to cut down her imports of foreign manufactures so that on the one hand she began to manufacture articles for export on a large scale and in great variety, on the other hand such articles became available at low prices for many Japanese consumers who had not previously been able to afford imported foreign goods. The result of all this has been not only to flood the markets of the world with Japanese-made goods suitable for foreign consumption, but also to spread and increase the use of the same goods in Japan. The

shops today are filled with such articles as boots and shoes, silk stockings, ready-made frocks and suits of cotton, wool and silk; sporting requisites; toilet soaps, perfumes; cutlery and glass; foreign-style provisions; and all those objects which come under the heading of 'fancy goods' and 'notions'. And—there is no doubt about it—the quality of these articles is good and is improving all the time. That is because sensible Japanese manufacturers, in the lean years before Japan went off gold, took drastic steps to increase their technical efficiency. So that now the Japanese consumer, though his requirements are more and more like our own, depends less and less upon us for their satisfaction.

You will notice that all the changes which I have mentioned show a movement away from traditional Japanese habits and towards Western ways of living; and you might naturally suppose that, if the Japanese are tending to wear the same dress as Europeans and Americans, to eat the same food, to play the same games and listen to the same music, then they are also tending to have the same kind of ideas. You might

almost suppose that the differences between East and West were being gradually obliterated. But things are not working out so simply as that. Actually, during the past two years there has been an extremely sharp reaction against Western standards and a strong growth of somewhat aggressive national sentiment. If you think about it, it is not very hard to understand. To the younger generation all these imported things and ideas spell new pleasures and a new freedom. But to many of their elders they spell the breakdown of tradition and the collapse of everything which to their minds has made Japan strong and successful in the past. The very rapidity of the changes just described has thus called forth a correspondingly powerful conservative movement, which has expressed itself in many phases of Japanese life. To take one or two examples: There has been a revival of traditional Japanese sports such as fencing, archery and wrestling, designed to moderate the present craze for baseball, football, boxing and so on. Japanese folk dances have been revived on a large scale, and the authorities endeavour by all kinds of restrictions to check the popularity of fox-trot and tango. Ladies who spend too much time at dance-halls are scolded in the newspapers and—because it is still fashionable to sprinkle your conversation with English words—they are described in popular jargon as 'Idle Madams'.

There has been of late a noticeable spread of Socialist and Communist doctrine among young men and women, especially of the student class. This phenomenon has caused the authorities to take strong and even ruthless measures in the shape of

anti-Communist drives followed by wholesale arrests, which have apparently suppressed Communist movements or driven them underground. In the world of political thought there is undoubtedly confusion, but it seems that, for the moment at least, the forces of Conservatism have triumphed. Japan's recent adventures in China, her ability to defy other countries with apparent impunity, have brought about a certain unity in Japanese public opinion and given it a somewhat self-satisfied patriotic turn. This sentiment has naturally been encouraged by the military class, but they have had the support of conservative-minded people throughout the country. Many statesmen and educators have of late preached a return to old Japanese ideals, and have endeavoured to foster what they call the true Japanese spirit. In the West, they argue, a man thinks first of his Rights. In Japan he must think first of his Duties.

This movement, by a very natural transition, from being pro-Japanese easily become anti-foreign. It is tempting to argue that if what is purely Japanese is good, then what is



Japan's 'slum problem': room in an old Japanese working-class house. In this room a family of seven, with a married son and children, eat and sleep. The total income of the 'home' is less than 30s. a month

Photograph: Natori

typically Western is bad. This frame of mind has been manifested in some curious ways. The teaching of English in schools has been reduced, and it has even been proposed that Japan should develop a special brand of English for her own use and dispense with the imported article. This is an extreme case, of course; but their best friends can hardly deny that the Japanese have for the last year or two been very ready to assume that they are always right and the rest of the world is wrong. Two phrases have occurred with remarkable frequency in Japanese newspapers. Those who do not understand the Japanese point of view are said to suffer from 'lack of comprehension'. Those who understand but do not agree suffer from 'lack of sincerity'. But it would be a mistake to suppose that all this disapproval of Western standards is based upon mere national prejudice and conceit. Many thoughtful Japanese, looking at Europe and

America and seeing everywhere economic collapse and political confusion, ask themselves whether our Western institutions are so admirable as they have been led to believe. They begin to wonder whether after all the old order in Japan was not



The latest cinema in Tokyo

better than the crazy system which they took over from us. Such doubts have grown fast, and they have added strength to reactionary forces in Japan. They have produced a mood of contempt for parliamentary government and a tendency towards what is locally called Fascism but which is probably best described as a return to autocracy on traditional Japanese lines.

I do not predict that future developments will take place along these lines. I would say rather that political and social ideas in Japan are at present in a state of unstable equilibrium. A year ago the military party was firmly in the saddle, and those who did not share the views of the young officers even stood in danger of assassination. Today there are some signs that the prestige of the military is not so high as it was. A year ago Japan was in a defiant mood. Today she begins to feel her isolation. Nobody can say what will happen next.

The only certain thing is that Japan has changed and is still changing. The pendulum swings rather fast. But its rapid movements are a sign not so much of unsteadiness as of energy seeking for an outlet.

Economics in a Changing World

By Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL

How the Nation Spends its Money

LAST WEEK we discussed some statistics which gave a picture of the household budgets of 283 Chinese families now living in Peking. It occurred to me that to complete the story—which had been started because we had been talking about the competitive clash of British and Japanese goods in the export markets—we ought to have something about British home life. It is said that Providence takes special care of lunatics, etc., and to that list must be added popularisers of economic matters—we probably are lunatics—we're certainly fools rushing in where angelic economists fear to tread. Anyhow, imagine my delight when a couple of days ago I received my copy of the *Economic Journal*, which is the learned quarterly of the Royal Economic Society, and found that Mr. A. E. Feaveryear had been at it again. Three years ago this gentleman published what he called an 'approximate allocation of the average annual national income for the period 1924-1927 amongst the chief groups of expenditure', and now he has performed a similar task for 1932. I have his permission to use this material.

In his analysis he examines the expenditure of the people of this country under the headings of food; maintenance of the home; clothes; direct taxation; sickness, accidents, state insurance; reading; liquor; smoking; travel; entertainments and sport; religion; miscellaneous expenditure; and saving.

In giving you his figures for 1932 I have, where possible,

contrasted them with his previous calculations for 1924-27. We start with food. The total expenditure for 1924-27 was by retail values £1,239½ millions; the corresponding figure for 1932 was £1,107 millions. This drop in value does not mean that we have eaten less. On the contrary, though we were eating less beef in 1932 than in 1924-27, we more than made up for it by eating more mutton, lamb and bacon. Our meat consumption went up 6 per cent. per head. We ate 33 per cent. more eggs, 10 per cent. more sugar, and we drank 15 per cent. more milk. We consumed more poultry, cream, fish, chocolate, confectionery, fruit and potatoes. A fall in the consumption of margarine and lard was more than made up for by an increase in butter. We ate less home-made puddings and pastry. The tendency is clearly away from home-cooked food and towards food preparations from factories. I might mention here that this rise in the consumption of foodstuffs was accompanied by a fall of no less than 30 per cent. in the consumption of alcohol.

It is a very remarkable fact that during the depression year of 1932 we were, as a nation, eating more and enjoying a more varied diet than was the case between 1924-27. Now please do not misunderstand me. Do not at once write to me and say that many thousands of people are still hardly above subsistence level. I know it; I deplore it; but these figures refer to the whole nation and therefore naturally do not reflect the conditions of those of our fellow-citizens who through unemployment are having such a hard fight to make both ends meet. One can, however, say that the tremendous fall

in the price level of foodstuffs as compared with that of manufactured goods has done something to alleviate the food position of poor people during the last two years. Bad as conditions have been for many thousands in the depressed areas, they would have been much worse if food prices had held up. I imagine farmers will at once say: 'What about us?' I hasten from this controversy back to Mr. Feaveryear.

The next heading is 'Maintenance of the Home'. In this case there is an increase of £58 millions for 1932 as compared with our standard years of 1924-27. This increase is partly due to the fact that there are more houses and better houses today than there were five years ago. Expenditure on coal is about the same. One increase under this heading is £10 millions for radio licences and the upkeep of sets.

We now come to the nation's clothing bill, and here Mr. Feaveryear warns us that we must be prepared for wide margins of error. He estimates a reduction of £147 millions in our expenditure on clothes. In a number of items given in this section of his report everything shows a decrease except the item of gloves, other than fabric gloves, which has gone up from £4 millions to £5 millions.

The next item is direct taxation, and this shows an increase of £21 millions. Then comes liquor, which is down by £75½ millions, but £26 millions of that was at the expense of the Exchequer, which made up its losses by increasing other taxes, and, allowing for this, the average consumption per head fell from 9½ pints in our standard period to 6½ pints in 1932. From liquor we pass to smoking, and here the ladies come into the picture, for, owing to the increase in women smokers, the expenditure on tobacco has gone up from £116 millions to £143 millions. Then comes travel, which shows an increase of £46 millions. This is largely due to the increase in road travel, for expenditure on railway travel was less in 1932 than during our standard period.

Rather surprisingly, entertainments and sport show a slight fall, which is counterbalanced by a correspondingly slight increase in our expenditure on sickness, accidents and state insurance. Incidentally, the figures for the last two items for 1932 are £82 millions for entertainments and sport and £106 millions for the sickness and insurance item.

We now come to expenditure on religious activities. That has fallen from £42 millions during our standard years to £32 millions during 1932. Expenditure on reading has gone up from £44 millions a year to £47 millions a year. Miscellaneous expenditure is taken to be the same, and saving, which includes new houses and furniture, has dropped heavily from £400 millions to £200 millions.

The grand total of national expenditure for 1932 is estimated at £3,662 millions, and the corresponding figure for the average of the years 1924-27 was £4,042 millions. Perhaps I can sum up some of the most interesting changes without using figures by saying that the nation was rather more cheaply dressed in 1932 than in the earlier period. On the other hand, it is clear that in 1932 the average person was consuming more of the important foodstuffs and a greater variety of foodstuffs than had been the case during the earlier years. There was a sharp fall in the expenditure on liquor, and a largish drop in the amount set aside in savings.

In expressing our obligation to Mr. Feaveryear for the use of these interesting figures I think I am safe in saying that he would agree that they must not be taken as exact statistics of consumers' expenditure, but nevertheless, though the calculations in such a subject must include a good deal of estimation, it is important to remember that Mr. Feaveryear used the same methods in arriving at both his 1924-27 figures and his 1932 figures, so that taken together the calculations enable us to observe the trends and changes in consumers' expenditure.

Roosevelt, Tariffs, and N.R.A.

IT IS SIGNIFICANT that Mr. Roosevelt's demands for freedom to modify tariffs coincide with an increase of controversy as to the efficiency with which N.R.A. is working. American labour is beginning to demand still shorter hours and higher pay with a view to spreading work, but the leaders of industry argue

that higher prices will restrict consumption. One of the internal difficulties confronting the President has been that of abolishing the Civil Works Administration. This organisation was created in November as an emergency measure to deal with the fact that N.R.A. had failed to increase employment sufficiently before the winter. Its weekly pay-roll has been in the region of sixty million dollars. It was supposed to come to an end on February 15, but as this would have thrown about four million unemployed back on to the labour market, C.W.A. is now to be kept going until May 1, by which date it is hoped that it will have been possible gradually to abolish it and see its beneficiaries absorbed by industry. There is no doubt that C.W.A. saved the situation during the winter, but it seems rather doubtful whether the public works programme will be able to take on four million men within the next two months.

The United States Conference of Mayors recently adopted a resolution which demanded that Congress should provide funds to continue the existing programme until such time as a definite plan is devised regarding (a) the four million people now at work on civil works; (b) the six million people who are registered for work but have not been given any, and (c) the 3,400,000 families now on nothing more than a subsistence basis, for direct relief. You will remember that if N.R.A. is one of the great pillars of the new American economic structure, the other is A.A.A.—the Agricultural Adjustments Act. Figures just to hand show that during 1933 the farm income in the United States rose by about twenty per cent., but this is still only about half the average income received by the farmers during the years 1923-29. It is the cotton growers in the United States who had most out of A.A.A., for the prices of lard, butter, cattle and hogs have risen less than thirty-five per cent. It is, therefore, rather too early to estimate to what extent A.A.A. is going to get away with it, because very much will depend on what happens during the coming crop year. Last year's crop control schemes were voluntary, whereas this year it is planned to introduce a certain measure of compulsion.

The President's request for tariff powers is being discussed before the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, and Mr. Wallace, the Secretary of Agriculture, said, when being questioned by the Committee, that the efforts to keep American agriculture going in default of its normal export markets 'would not be tried in any sane world, but we have had to resort to it because we have failed to adjust our tariff to our position as a creditor nation'. To which remark a certain Mr. Treadway, a Republican from Massachusetts, replied, 'You, Mr. Secretary, are looking at this thing nationally. We members of Congress have to look at it from the standpoint of the districts we represent'. In that exchange of remarks between Messrs. Wallace and Treadway is summarised the whole economic-political problem now facing men—where to compromise between the view of the gentleman who is thinking of a problem in terms of the largest possible unit and the view of the gentleman who is thinking in terms of a special interest. We have exactly similar problems in this country.

Economics, 1934

TO CONCLUDE, here is a practical example of the extraordinary results which are brought about when the irresistible force of an export premium meets the immovable obstacle of a rising tariff. A case is reported of a Trieste merchant offering Italian wheat flour to an Austrian importer. The wheat was to be delivered at the Austrian frontier, free gratis and for nothing, provided the Austrian paid the customs dues, and in addition the Italian promised to give the Austrian 15 lire for each quintal of free flour which he accepted. The object of this strange transaction from the Italian's point of view was to prepare documents showing that he had exported flour. This would then enable him to claim the Italian export premium, which is so great that it would still leave the exporter a profit after he had bought his wheat, paid all the costs of turning it into flour and its carriage to the frontier, and the bribe to the Austrian. To make the whole matter more confusing, kindly note that Italy is an importer of Hungarian flour. Motto for the day—'Let's all be mad together!'

The City of London—II

Intricacies of Banking

By Professor T. E. GREGORY

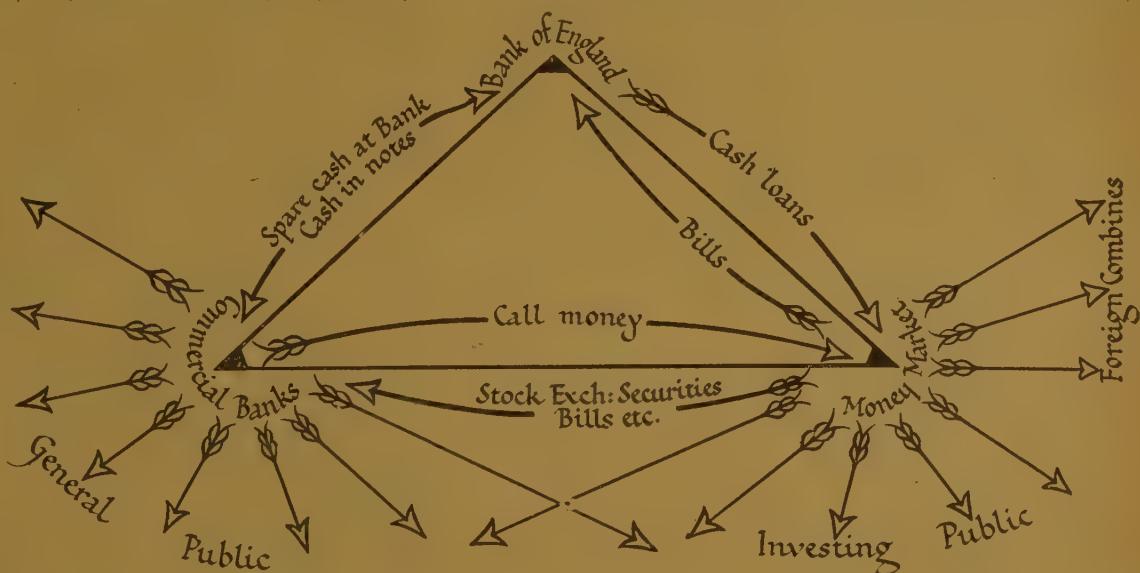
NEW and old are wonderfully mixed up in this banking structure of ours. It is twenty-five years since I was in the City. At that time most of the present banking palaces did not exist: all sorts of old banking firms and companies since swallowed up by the 'Big Five' were still doing business, and the Bankers Clearing House, which sorts out cheques between the banks, was a much more interesting place in consequence than I imagine it is now; and, to take another illustration, the great partners of the private banking houses used, in my day, still to meet in the Royal Exchange on stated days to deal in foreign bills of exchange. To be 'On 'Change' was a reality: nowadays, as Mr. Vallance told you last week, there is a turnover of millions a day in the exchange market, but it is all a matter of talking through telephones and manipulating wonderful calculating machines, and all the romance is gone.

So, the first thing to remember about British banking is that it is an amalgamation of new and old: it is a great oak with its roots very deep in the soil, but constantly throwing out new branches. In a word, it cannot be understood properly unless both its functions and its history are known. For, though the functions are, in my opinion, admirably performed, the distribution of functions, though

it is shifting a little all the time in consequence of competition between all the institutions concerned, is very largely a matter of history. When other money markets—for instance, New York—try to imitate London, they find it difficult to create deliberately the kind of system we possess. That is due to the fact that we didn't plan ours; it grew, and it is all the better for it. In the very simplest outline British banking may be represented by a triangle. At the top, or apex, is the Bank of England; on the left angle of the triangle are the joint-stock banks or the commercial banks, the right-hand angle constitutes the Institutions of the Money Market. That right-hand angle is a rather crowded one: the left-hand angle is getting a good deal emptier, because the number of commercial banks has been getting smaller for the last hundred years, but the apex remains what it has been for two hundred years. The 'Old Lady of Threadneedle Street', who has seen so many changes (and indeed she is busily engaged at this very moment in adapting her outward appearance to the new fashions in architecture), is still, perhaps, more than ever in the past, the real centre and link between all the various parts of the banking structure.

The arrows along all the three sides of the triangle show how the system holds together. One arrow runs along the base of the triangle from the commercial banks in the direction of the Money Market: and one runs along the base in the opposite direction. By all this I mean to imply that the Money Market borrows from the commercial banks in the shape of a very liquid kind of loan known as Call Money: whilst the commercial banks are buying from the Money Market both Stock Exchange Securities, Treasury Bills and Commercial Bills of Exchange. Another arrow runs in the direction of the Bank of England to the Money Market and another one in the opposite direction, by which I mean that the Bank buys bills from the Market and lends to the Market. Indeed, it is the

fact that the Market borrows from the Bank which gives the bank-rate its primary significance, for bank-rate is nothing but the rate at which the Old Lady will buy bills from the Market. There is only one arrow between the commercial banks and the Bank, and it is really rather difficult to know in which direction it ought to point. The commercial banks keep part of their spare cash at the Bank and the remainder is held in the shape of Bank of England notes. That is what is meant by the cash-basis of credit and by the rather controversial remarks about the Bank of England providing the basis of expansion. But, you will see from this preliminary sketch, all the parts of the machine are kept in touch with one another. Now, when people buy and sell, borrow and lend, they do so, in this wicked world, at a price. So most of the arrows represent Money Market rates. When the Bank lends to the Market,



it does so at bank-rate when it buys bills, and half per cent. over bank-rate when it gives a loan: when the commercial banks advance to the Money Market they do so at the call loan rate, and when the Money Market sells bills to the banks, it does so according to the prices ruling for bills (that is, open market discount rates), and all these rates move together, as do some of the rates which I have not yet mentioned. Round the angle representing the commercial banks are arrows pointing in all sorts of directions: we will call this quiverful of darts the general public. Round the angle called the Money Market are arrows pointing in all sorts of directions. Some of them we can call foreign customers, some the investing public. The shower of arrows round the two angles get mixed up: and by that I mean to indicate that in some directions the commercial banks are in direct competition with the institutions of the Money Market—and the competition can be at times very embittered. Talk to the merchant bankers about the way in which the commercial banks are competing for the business of accepting bills and you will find hitherto undiscovered resources of language—but I can't deal with that here. You and I are, after all, primarily concerned with our modest banking account and our still more modest overdraft: we deal with commercial banks and I will begin my detail with them. They have a wholesale department with which you and I are not concerned at this stage: we represent the 'retail end' of the picture.

Three Principles of British Commercial Banking

British commercial banking is characterised by a few simple but very important principles. Firstly, there is the centralisation of ownership accompanied by decentralisation of operation. The total number of commercial banks is a good deal larger than most people imagine, but, still, the banking

business of the country is done by five banks and their affiliated provincial institutions, where they still exist, as they do in Lancashire, or where, as in Scotland, some of the leading banks are owned by their neighbours to the south. But this reduction in the number of separate banks has been accompanied by a considerable increase in the number of separate branches: a measure not only of the intensity of competition—all of them are out to get our deposits and to lend us money (though this is perhaps less obvious)—but also of the shifting of population in the last decade. Just think of the new suburbs which are springing up all round our great cities, and you will recognise that it is inevitable that new branches must be established if the population is to be adequately served.

Secondly, British banking is really a very democratic thing. These thousands of branches have to be managed by someone, and I doubt whether there are many professions which offer a better chance for the average man who keeps his head and sticks to his job to climb up to a position of considerable responsibility and prestige. I was a member of the Macmillan Committee, and the evidence of the bankers before that very hard-headed body, I think, effectively disposed of the idea that the local branch-bank manager was deprived of all initiative, as it also disposed of the idea that the commercial banks were not anxious to do their best for the small man. It stands to reason that they are: new branches in new districts have to pay somehow, and every sensible banker knows that great things grow out of small beginnings. I know that the chances of recruitment in banking are diminishing in consequence of mechanisation and that pecuniary prospects are not quite so rosy as once they were, but still someone has to manage the machines and there is no virtue in spending endless years in purely mechanical jobs. The British banks are still not an unreasonable career for the ambitious youngster, in spite of everything that the popular Press may say.

Thirdly, past experience—very heavily paid for in the 'forties and 'fifties of last century, I may say—has taught the British commercial bank that there is a sharp line of distinction between banking and investment. It is not the job of the commercial banks to put up permanent capital: those continental banking systems which in recent years have followed this policy have had to pay very dearly for it, as we did nearly a century ago. The function of the commercial banks is to take the current income of the citizen and to re-lend it to the business community during the interval between its receipt and its expenditure by the recipient. British banking goes in for short-term, or relatively short-term, lending because it is safest: and it leaves the job of financing investment to specialised institutions which I have to describe on a later occasion. To summarise the net effect of the activities of the joint-stock banks in the commercial field: it is to bridge the gulf between the time when things are made and things are sold; because, of course, in general, when things are sold, we pay the retailer, the retailer pays the manufacturer and the manufacturer is then in a position to repay the banker, the banker having lent him the money by which in the first instance the cost of making the goods was financed.

Assets of the Bank

Still, commercial banks do not put all their eggs in the same basket. Long decades of experience have resulted in a certain equilibrium being established between the various directions in which it has proved safe to increase the funds of the banks. The statements of the average weekly position published by the clearing banks (the banks, that is, who are members of the London Clearing House) throw a good deal of light upon all this: though it is only proper to point out that some of the proportions have been considerably affected by the depression. But just at present, about 10 per cent. of the assets of the banks (that is, what they keep their money in) is represented by actual cash in their tills plus what they keep as a balance at the Bank of England: about 29 per cent.—one-third—they keep in the form of investments (probably largely Treasury Bills and other British Government securities): about 39 per cent. represents loans to customers, and the remainder, though divided into two portions in the statements, represents wholesale transactions in the Money Market—either loans to the Money Market (officially called Money at Call and Short Notice) or a purchase from the Money Market (officially known as Bills Discounted).

Just two points before I pass on to another subject. Firstly,

what regulates the price which banks charge us when we hesitatingly approach our manager for a loan, and what regulates what they pay us when we are fortunate enough to have any money to transfer to deposit account, subject to so many days' notice of withdrawal? In both cases, it is the Bank Rate of Discount, which I have already described as the rate at which the Bank of England is prepared to buy bills from the Money Market. I cannot go into the historical reasons why it came about; it is quite clear, however, that it means that all the various prices charged in the British banking system tend to move together.

Institutions of the Money Market

And that brings me to my next subject—the right hand side of the triangle: the Institutions of the Money Market. Some of them I shall have to leave over to another occasion: all those which are directly concerned with investment. Unfortunately, such is the historical character of our Money Market that some of these institutions straddle between two markets: the firms which accept bills of exchange and, by giving their name to a bill of exchange (by writing it across the bill), make it an acceptable instrument by which to raise money in the London Money Market, and the issue-houses, the people, that is, who bring out international loans for Chile, Brazil, the Argentine, Hungary, etc., etc., are in part the same people who accept bills for merchants and bankers in the same areas—an obviously commonsense arrangement. But so far as the accepting end of the game is concerned, there is great competition between the private firms who accept (and many do something else at the same time) and the joint-stock banks, whether they confine their operations to this country or whether they are conducting operations in South America or India or China or Africa. But who is it that handles the resulting product? That is the job of the London discount market: the 'bill brokers' and the 'discount houses', to use the technical jargon. Two or three of the firms in the discount market are joint-stock companies, most of them are either private companies or partnerships. Anyway, all those delightful articles that Mr. Vallance referred to as making up the cargo of the British or Greek or Norwegian tramp-steamer, ploughing its way through heavy seas, with good men sweating their lives out seeing her through, are represented in the London market by bills of exchange, payable in the end by all sorts of people from China to Peru—spinners in Bolton and Chemnitz: millers in Hull and Marseilles; importers of billiard balls in Sydney and of sports-goods in Kenya, but in the short run the liabilities of the people who have accepted them in London. The discount market buys them on the strength of the reputation of these acceptors—but where on earth is the discount market to get the money from? The answer is simple. The discount market has, of course, a certain amount of money of its own, but it borrows the greater part of it from the joint-stock banks and clears its decks periodically by selling the bills which it buys to other banks.

But there are times when the commercial banks won't lend but insist on calling their Call Money back: what on earth happens then? That is where the Bank of England steps in. The real functions from the technical standpoint of a central bank, the prototype of which is after all our own 'Old Lady', is to act as a Lender of Last Resort. When the joint-stockers feel that they want their money back, either because they think you and the rest of us are going to ask for it because we want to go on our summer holidays or because domestic trade and industry are getting more lively, the discount market is driven into the Bank of England. And when that happens, the rate charged by the Bank of England, whatever it is, dominates the discount market, bank-rate becomes 'effective', as the market says, because the market wants Bank of England loans to repay what it owes to the joint-stock banks, who therefore find themselves with more cheques on the Bank in consequence: that is, they can increase their 'cash', because, of course, if they hold a cheque on the Bank of England, they can turn it into Bank of England notes at a moment's notice. The Bank of England conducts its business on the legally defined principle of dividing its business into two sections, the business of issuing notes and the business of doing everything else. And the amount of notes it can issue without having more gold to back them with is defined by law: so, when the discount market piles up its indebtedness at the Bank, and the potential strain on its note-issuing powers becomes rather uncomfortable, the Bank tries to choke off further demands by putting up the charge it asks for

lending any more. In other words, when the discount market asks for more, like Oliver Twist, the Bank puts up bank-rate. That doesn't necessarily stop people asking for more, but it does mean that every other rate in the Money Market is affected, and so the rate of increase of demand is affected. You and I get more for our deposits, but pay more for our overdrafts; the discount market pays less for the bills it buys and so the new supply of bills is checked; the news that bank-rate is up acts as a kind of warning to all the areas which are in the habit of relying on London to supply them with money for the time

being. The whole commercial world in every part of the habitable globe listens to the Old Lady when she lifts her little finger! How quickly she is listened to is another matter. As a matter of fact, she has developed a little dodge for making the world listen. She sells some of the stuff she has previously bought and that makes the money markets as a whole rather short of cash: so someone is driven to borrow off her. This is what is known as the open-market policy of the Bank, and yet, after all, it isn't such a terribly difficult thing to understand.

Light—IV

Colours in the World Around Us

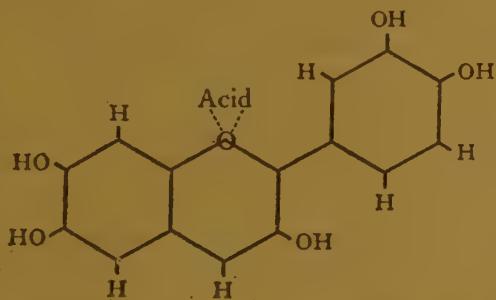
By SIR WILLIAM BRAGG

I PROPOSE now to say a little about the colours in the world around us. There are colours in the earth, the sea and the sky. Let us try to find whether a wave theory can aptly link them all together. Let us consider, to begin with, the green of trees and grass and plants that grow upon the earth. The chemists tell us that it is due to the universal presence of a certain substance which is known as chlorophyll. In order to make clear what I am about to say, I ought perhaps to remind you that the whole world is made up of atoms of which there are ninety-two different kinds. Nature's first step in all her constructions is to assemble small companies of atoms into molecules. The atoms are extraordinarily permanent, but molecules can easily be broken up, and afterwards reassembled or, it may be, grouped in new combinations. Nature in this respect is like a compositor in a printing office who has before him

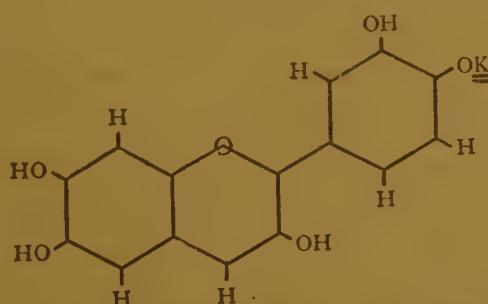
type representing the various letters of the alphabet. He puts them together to form words, each having its own meaning; he can make different words in numbers far exceeding that of his different letters. He can break up his type, distribute it, and reassemble it in new ways. Just so the number of different kinds of molecule is practically infinite. Nature, the great chemist, like the human chemist of less degree, continuously plays this game of alternate construction and destruction, and so the processes of life go on.

Out of the infinite number of possible molecular forms, Nature has selected that which we call chlorophyll to play a part which is essential to plant life. It is surely one of the wonders of the world that so narrow a selection should be made from so wide a choice, and that the chosen molecule should be used so universally for the one purpose. When the sun's rays strike leaves and grasses the chlorophyll absorbs a certain band of wavelengths lying mainly in the red end of the spectrum. It also absorbs other portions of the spectrum to a greater or less extent, particularly the blue. What is left is reflected and scattered and gives us the green which we know so well.

But let us carry our enquiries a little further. The chlorophyll absorbs certain rays from the red and so takes in energy in a particular form. Now the chemist has shown that, so fortified—if the term may be used in a broad sense—the chlorophyll molecule can combine with another kind of molecule, that of carbon dioxide or carbonic acid. This latter molecule is a very simple combination of one atom of carbon with two of oxygen, and is to be found widely distributed in the atmosphere. The combination of the two kinds of molecule leads to the formation of the starches and sugars which are the foundations of the activities of plants. We eat the plants, or eat the animals which eat the plants, and so we also find our activities upon



The anthocyanin which gives red to the rose is formed from the skeleton form by attaching an acid group loosely to the oxygen atom and replacing hydrogens by hydroxyl groups (hydrogen + oxygen) at certain points. The molecule is now acidic.



The acid group is removed and a hydrogen of one of the hydroxyl groups is replaced by potassium marked K. The molecule is now alkaline in character. It gives blue to the cornflower.

Such resonances are essential to the actions of pigments of all kinds. In most cases the absorption merely leads to an accumulation of energy in the form of heat. It is only occasionally that we see a result in the form of chemical change. The colours of the flowers attract us next. Here again the whole scheme depends on a small number of molecular types. There are certain skeleton forms which, slightly modified in many various ways, give to flowers their different colours. Some of these forms have been discovered by the chemist. Perhaps I can describe one of them sufficiently well to give an idea of its structure. Imagine six carbon atoms joined up to make a hexagon, all the atoms lying in one plane. Attach six hydrogen atoms to the six corners, and you have the molecule of benzene which, at least in bulk, we all know well. Again, take two such carbon hexagons, put them together with one side in common, and attach hydrogens to all the projecting corners. This language is anything but orthodox from the chemist's point of view, but I hope it will serve its purpose. The molecule now resembles in form a pair of spectacles. It is the molecule of naphthalene, also a familiar substance. Take one more carbon hexagon and join it to the pair of spectacles at one end. There is not in this case to be a side in common, nor even a corner: the junction is to be of the same kind as that



Two sketches of the same scene

In the sketch on the left the river water is clear, and the overhanging tree casts no shadow on the surface; but in the sketch on the right the water is muddy, and shadows lie on it. Comparison of these two sketches should not be extended to consideration of the relative tones of the two as wholes. The muddy water was actually illuminated by the sun; but the point could not conveniently be brought out by a relative adjustment of the tones of two such simple sketches.

Illustrations from 'The Universe of Light', by the Author (Bell)

between neighbouring pairs of carbon atoms in the ring. Lastly, take out one carbon atom from the side of the double hexagon and replace it by an oxygen atom. To sum up, a pair of hexagons composed of carbon atoms, nine in number with one oxygen, and a separate carbon hexagon linked on to the pair at one end. That is the basis of what are called the anthocyanins, and give flowers their colours. I am afraid that you will not have been able to form a very clear picture from my description, but I hope that you have at any rate some idea of the form and composition of the molecule. It is flat, I believe; as if drawn on a piece of paper. Various attachments can be made at some of the projecting corners. For instance, certain minor additions give the molecule an acid character and it then gives colour to the rose. By a slight change the molecule can be made alkaline and the colour becomes that of the cornflower.

Of the colours of hair and wool and hides and again of minerals, earths and ochres of various kinds used as painting materials, I will only say that they also are due to pigments. No new principle is at work. But I must say something about the dyes which men have from time immemorial extracted from plants and other sources. For, curiously enough, they have rarely used the natural colouring matters of leaves and flowers. The natural colours are in general fugitive. The alterations in colour which follow the changing seasons are proper to the scheme of nature, but man wants something more permanent. He has extracted indigo and woad from certain plants; the imperial purple of Rome is derived from a shell-fish. Again, we come across a curious similarity in design, because all these three are based on the same molecular structure. Its form is known now, and indigo has become a laboratory product.

Let us now think for a moment of the colours of sea and sky. Here we find causes of colour of a character entirely different. Colour is formed by a sorting process, as in Newton's experiment with the prism, and there is no destruction. Take first the colour of the sky. If we have watched the movements of the sea in places where rocks jut above the surface of the water, we have seen how the waves are turned aside, scattered and reflected by such rocks as are large enough, and how the waves sweep over those rocks which just pierce the surface. But if the waves are small, no more than ripples, the smallest rocks are able to turn them.

Let us now remember that the air is an assemblage of atoms and molecules of various gases, oxygen and nitrogen principally, with small proportions of carbonic acid, argon and others. All the atoms and molecules are very small in comparison with the lengths of the waves of light which we can see, even of the waves at the blue end of the spectrum. When the rays of the sun cross the atmosphere, the various waves are all turned to one side as the sea waves are turned aside by the rocks. The amount is extremely small, but the air is of great extent. The blue is turned aside more than the red. So when the rays sweep past overhead, and we look up, we receive into our eyes the

scattered light and we receive more blue than red, for which reason the sky is blue. The rays pass on their way, becoming always richer in the longer waves, and so when the setting sun shines through long stretches of air our eyes receive the glowing sunset colours. As the sun goes round the earth, apparently of course, it is always trailing a sunset behind it and pushing a sunrise on before.

Dust in the air scatters also and sometimes the particles are large enough to scatter all the colours of the spectrum. Then the sky becomes white or grey. In hot dry countries this is often the case, and when the rain comes and the dust is brought down the sky is literally washed clean and becomes blue again.

When we look at distant hills and observe the blue which we associate with distance, it is because a part of the sky is between us and them. If the air is pure and still, so that the scattering is mainly due to the molecules, the blue is deep in tone; but when the air is full of water drops, the colour is the grey of mist and fog. The smoke that rises from a chimney looks blue when illuminated from behind the observer and seen against a dark background. But it looks grey or even reddish brown when most of the light which the observer receives has come through it. And, again, the smoke of a cigarette looks blue when it rises from the burning tip, but grey when it has been through the mouth and become coated with moisture so that its particles are enlarged.

The deep blue of the ocean also derives its colour from selective scattering by the water molecules. Nearer the shore the colour becomes lighter and greener on account of the scattering by particles in suspension. Of course, the colour of the sea is often influenced by the colour of the sky. A smooth sea or lake reflects the hills and clouds as in a mirror, and we see nothing of any colour due to scattering by the water molecules. When a ripple spreads over the surface the countless little slopes reflect the sky above and repeat its blue, or its grey if the sky is leaden with cloud. It is in the deep clear ocean that the true scattering is to be seen.

A ray of light striking the surface of smooth clear water is not scattered in all directions from the place where it strikes. The surface is not therefore visible: there are no details upon it to be distinguished. A tree overhanging clear water casts no shadow on the surface. There is, however, a shadow if the water is muddy, because light is scattered where the sunshine falls upon the water and the particles which it contains, and the contrast is obvious.

When a wave breaks and the water is filled with air bubbles, the innumerable surfaces in the foam reflect the white light entirely and strongly. We see the same effect where the water of the stream falls over the stones and imprisons the bubbles of air. Foam always tends to white, no matter what the colour of the liquid may be, as for example the foam on a glass of beer. So, also, a piece of coloured glass forms a white powder when crushed, and scratches on a varnished surface show a white streak.

Inquiry into the Unknown—X

Fire-walking: Some First-hand Evidence

Thirty Yards of Red-hot Embers

DURING ONE OF THE DELIGHTFUL VISITS THAT I paid in India to my friend the late Maharajah Ranjitsinhji, the Jam Sahib, at his beautiful capital city of Nawanagar; I saw men walk barefoot, with dry feet, over thirty yards of red-hot embers taken fresh from a bonfire of wood. The performers were respectable Mussulmans and this is how they did it. Two trenches, each forty-five feet long and two feet wide by about eighteen inches deep, were dug in the form of a cross with four equal arms, and in the presence of the Jam Sahib and of his guests, including me, they were filled up level with red-hot embers from a bonfire close by. Just as this was finished, the first performer, a good-looking well-dressed man, barefoot of course, paid his respects to the Jam Sahib and saluted us most politely. Then he walked once round the fiery cross solemnly invoking the Almighty in the proper Mussulman way, and then walked along the trench of glowing embers which lay parallel to us as we sat, finishing down the other; halting after stepping off the embers at the end of it, he salaamed to the Jam Sahib and then to us on each side of him, perfectly calmly and in excellent form. He did not walk in a hurry, but at a smart marching pace, and showed us his feet afterwards, pointing out that they were none the worse.

I carefully noted that his feet were perfectly dry at the beginning of the performance, so that the 'spheroidal condition' could not have been present; and it was indeed quite unknown in Nawanagar, as I ascertained next day when the performer came to see me, to get a note I gave him about his performance. Perhaps here I ought to explain what the 'spheroidal condition' is and how I came to know about it. It was explained to me and to my brother cadets about seventy-four years ago, by the good fellow and efficient instructor who lectured to us, graceless youths, on what we called 'stinks', otherwise the important science of chemistry.

One day he produced two small furnaces, one with several iron rods in it being heated white hot, and the other with an earthenware bowl on it about half full of melted lead. Then he proceeded to dip one hand into a basin of water and, after soaping his fingers, he placed their ends on the white-hot end of one of the iron bars, giving the bar a fair touch, and then showing us that his fingers were none the worse. Then he again wet his hand and carefully soaped it all over, after which he dipped it, over the fingers, into the molten lead, withdrawing it in no hurry, and again showing us that it was unharmed. Thereupon, some of us, of whom I was one, asked to be allowed to try the experiment on ourselves, and did so without any damage whatever to our hands.

Our instructor then explained that the cause of this surprising phenomenon was, that the soaped water on our hands when it touched the hot iron or the molten lead immediately assumed the 'spheroidal condition', that is, it became a layer of small bubbles filled with vapour not hot enough to scald, and preventing the contact of our skins with the hot iron or molten lead, so saving us from injury by them. This 'spheroidal

condition' is sometimes given as an explanation of fire-walking, but it was quite clear that it had nothing to do with the fire-walking we saw at Nawanagar. I think the explanation in this case was the considerable thickness of the soles of the feet of persons who walk barefoot a good deal, as the natives of India did at that time. I had particularly noticed the great thickness of the soles of the feet in the case of Zulus, who all went bare-foot at all times, both men and women, in those days. I had seen many sad remains of fine Zulu men and even of some Zulu women, whose bodies had been left after the recent fights in Zululand, for birds and beasts to devour; but the soles of their feet were always untouched.

Soon after his first performance, our fire-walker gave another in which he proposed to show us how he could throw hot coals over himself like water in a bath, and how he had, in a few days, trained a pupil, one of the Maharajah's table servants,



Bare feet on red-hot cinders—a fire-walking festival in Madras

E.N.A.

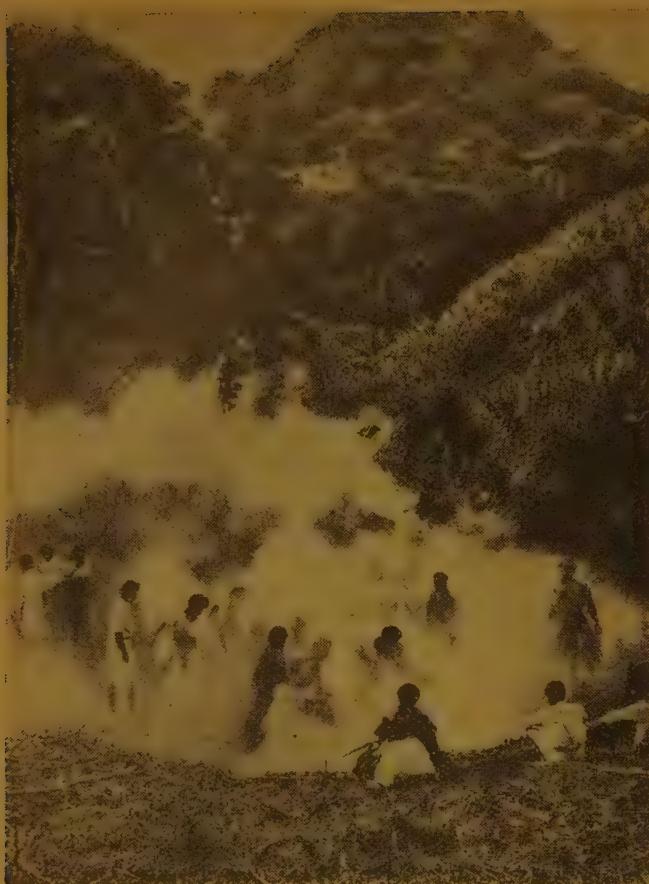
to do the walking performance. We saw the pupil's performance with much interest and had a talk to him; but we disliked the idea of the other and declined it with thanks after it had been described to us.

BINDON BLOOD

A White Man Walks Unhurt

LAST CHRISTMAS I was shooting with the Rajah of Bandh—this is a native state in the heart of India. We pitched our camp in one of the large tracts of jungle which cover this part of the country. One night at about ten o'clock, a crowd of natives, with much noise of drum beating, horn blowing and shouting, came out of the jungle towards our camp, led by a sort of holy man, dancing along barefoot in front of them.

A trench had been dug near the camp. It was fifteen feet long, two feet wide and one-and-a-half feet deep with steep sides, and held a layer about six inches deep of bright, red-hot glowing embers from a wood fire. The fire had evidently been lit for some time, and was now only glowing embers. I put my hand over the trench and found it gave out great heat. The fakir or holy man danced round the trench seven times and made ceremonial passes over it with what looked like a bunch of cabbage leaves which he held in his hand.



Fiji Islanders dancing on red-hot stones

E.N.A.

He then poured out five little heaps of grain, over which he poured some goat's milk and put a little native lamp, made of leaves, next to each heap. He picked up a handful of small sticks which he dipped into the trench. They blazed up at once (which showed me how hot the embers still were) and he lit the five lamps with them.

Then he started up his dance again—a huge noise going on all the time from drums, horns and shouting—and when he came to the head of the trench, he stepped down, and slowly walked through it barefoot. He did this three times. He showed no sign at all of suffering from the heat. By this time the whole crowd was very excited. A native suddenly pushed his way forward and went to the head of the trench. The fakir swished him down with the cabbage leaves, and he walked barefoot through the trench. Then another walked through and he was followed by a boy of about twelve. The Rajah's personal servant, standing behind the Rajah and me, got very excited, slipped off his sandals, got swished down, and through he went.

I asked the Rajah if the fakir would let me walk through and the message came back that 'the Sahib could walk'. I went to the head of the trench, got a swish from the fakir and walked quite through—slowly. I was wearing a new pair of yellow samba deer-skin shoes, the thinnest of socks and grey flannel trousers. As I went through I sank into the embers which splashed over my shoe-tops and round my ankles. I felt no discomfort from heat. When I came out, the Rajah and two other European guests examined my shoes and clothes. We couldn't find any trace of burning or scorching on them, and my shoes were the same yellow colour as when I went in. As it seemed rather peculiar, I got the guests to sign a record to this effect.

I don't know what the explanation can be. Perhaps it may be accounted for by the bottom of the trench being filled with charcoal fumes, or carbon di-oxide, with no free oxygen being there; this coupled with the low conductivity of wood ash may have prevented burning of the feet. The Rajah's brother-in-law told me that in his state the villagers, when they have a large wood fire, often walk through the ashes barefoot. They have no religious feeling about it and have no ceremonial, but just do it for a lark. It's just a kind of winter sports for them, I suppose.

L. P. WINBY

Fire-Walkers of Natal

THERE ARE SEVERAL PLACES in Natal where fire-walking is done by Indians, who mostly came, originally, from South India, but the principal centre is Pietermaritzburg.

Along the sides of the Umsundusi river are stretches of alluvial soil, and it is here that many of the Indians live among their little garden plots. Here also are to be seen two white temples, side by side, the one dedicated to Soobramonie, the other to Mariamin, the god and goddess of fertility and prosperity.

The temple of the goddess stands facing eastward in a small field of sun-baked earth. Just outside, and running east to west is a long oblong pit, about a foot deep, ten to twelve feet wide, and thirty feet long; this is the fire-pit. At its eastern end is a small hollow containing yellow turmeric water, and at the western end, toward the temple, is a shallow trench filled with milk brought as an offering to the goddess by childless women and people who have been ill or in trouble.

Just before sunrise those who are to take part in the fire-walking go to the temple, where they bathe. Women are no longer allowed to walk across the ashes lest their long dresses should catch fire. The participants have already undergone a preparation lasting over nine days, during which, in addition to a daily attendance at the temple, they have to abstain from meat and from all impurity of thought and deed. During this period they live on milk, fruit and vegetables. About 10 a.m. on the tenth day a small fire is ceremonially lit in a corner of the fire-pit, and then the participants go to the river where they bathe and put on garments of calico dyed yellow with turmeric. Some of the men now have silver hooks stuck into their shoulders, or long needles thrust through their cheeks or tongues. Here they wait, praying, making offerings of fruit, and having water freely sprinkled over them, until word is brought that the fire-pit is ready.

In the meantime members of the general congregation have been busy with the fire. They build up a great pile of thorn-wood in the pit, and as this is consumed they spread the ashes and throw on more fuel. In all from four to eight tons of wood are burned, and the pit finally contains a layer of hot ashes about nine inches deep. It is then ready for the fire-walkers.

As soon as word reaches the river a procession is formed and the participants walk back to the temple. Formerly fifteen goats used to be slain as an offering to the goddess when the procession approached the pit; the head of each goat was struck off with one blow with a sugar-cane knife. Nowadays a single goat is considered to be sufficient; and at Umbilo even this is replaced by a pumpkin which is cut in two. I saw the ceremony in 1926 on Good Friday, near the end of the southern summer. In the temple grounds a crowd of Indians and a few natives had assembled and were pressing tightly against the ropes along two sides of the pit. It was drawing on to the late afternoon. The coming of the procession from the river was heralded by the sound of Indian flutes and small drums, which had been playing continuously ever since the fire was first lit in the morning. At the head was an erect, dignified old man wearing a tall head-dress of yellow flowers. He walked through the little pool of turmeric water, and then with complete confidence stepped bare-footed into the pit of burning ashes, walked slowly across, turned and retraced his steps, turned again and walked for the third time across the ashes. All the other participants followed in turn through the pit. They had all been highly wrought by the ceremonies, and some appeared to be unconscious of their surroundings. Some of them practically collapsed as they stepped out of the pit, and were caught by their friends, who assisted them into the temple where after a short rest they completely recovered themselves.

About half an hour after the ceremony I examined the feet of several of those who had taken part, and among them there were some men who had always been accustomed to wearing European boots. None of them showed any blistering or inflammation, and next day some of the younger men were playing football. Occasionally a man may get a small blister, which is attributed to lack of faith or incomplete preparation. I can offer no explanation of their immunity. We are still a very long way from solving the mystery of the relation between mind and body.

R. V. SAYCE

The Mood of Contemporary Americans

By C. E. M. JOAD

BEFORE visiting America at the beginning of this year I was congratulated by friends on my good fortune. 'America', they said in effect, 'whether civilised or barbarous, welcoming or hostile, is at the moment the subject of one of the greatest economic experiments the world has seen. The progress of this experiment cannot fail to be of intense interest, and, although unfortunately you are no economist, you will at least be able to note people's political and social reactions. Congratulations on your good luck in visiting America at such a moment!' On the boat I read a number of articles—'American Ferment', 'America in the Throes of Change'—which endorsed the prediction of my friends, and wrought me up to a mood of excited expectation in which I was ready to find the whole of America engaged in one vast discussion of politics and economics in an atmosphere of wartime hysteria. The reality was very different. I was, it seemed, six months too late. Last summer, when the President was still a nine days' wonder, the New Deal was indeed the subject of universal and excited discussion. But in the early spring of 1934 the Americans have become accustomed to their President and accept his political and economic experiments with a *sangfroid* which an English visitor would be inclined at first sight to put down to political apathy. The American people have not our tradition of political interest. What is more, they have no tradition of disinterested political service. Young American graduates leaving their university do not look forward, as men do in England, to the service of the State. I remember discussing with a group of students at Brown University the present political situation. They were sufficiently well informed; understood and deplored the menace of war that hangs over Europe; appreciated the imaginative sweep of Roosevelt's experiments; praised his courage. But what, I asked, did they propose to do about it themselves? Why not, since they approved of him, go into politics and give Roosevelt a 'helping hand'? The suggestion struck them as surprising, almost as comic. 'University men', they said, 'do not go into politics. They go into business and make money'. 'But if the country was in a mess, is it not your duty as well educated, highly trained men to play your part in helping to extricate it?' They would like to, they said; but in America it simply wasn't done. Politics in America was, they affirmed, synonymous with bribery and graft. Men went into politics not to serve the community but to line their pockets. Their purpose in being elected was not to put their policies into practice, but their men into jobs. Political advancement, in fact, was a reward for services to the party, services which only too often took the form of monetary gifts. Thus, in order to succeed in politics it was necessary to be prepared to make these gifts, that is to say, to bribe the party bosses. And, inevitably, the best men stayed out of politics.

Admiration for Roosevelt's Leadership

How far this gloomy picture of American public life was overdrawn I have no means of judging. It is no doubt in part exaggerated. But the attitude of the community to the Roosevelt experiment suggested that, in its main outlines, it did not belie the truth. This attitude has a double aspect—a negative and a positive. The negative aspect was one of favourable tolerance tinged with mild scepticism. Few understand Roosevelt's policy, but fewer still are inclined to oppose it. Something, it is agreed on all hands, had to be done to save the economic system from collapse, and there was literally no alternative. Nor is there now. Consequently, whether Roosevelt's plans succeed or fail, men praise him for the mere fact of his willingness to try things. They admire his courage in leadership and his enterprise in experiment. 'It really seemed', a year ago, a business man explained to me, 'that economic circumstances had got us down. When you come to think of it', he went on, 'all the major events of our time—the War, your General Strike in England, the economic collapse, the growing army of unemployed workmen—have happened not because anybody planned them, not even because anybody wanted them, but in direct opposition to human plans and wishes. They gave one the impression of being the outcome of impersonal forces which are running society to some predestined end, unaffected by the cerebrations of statesmen or the wants

of peoples. It was exactly as if the economic system had got too big for control by human beings; like a machine which had run off the rails. Well, what Roosevelt has done is to take the steering wheel. He has reasserted the right of human will and purpose to master economic circumstances. He has insisted that human beings can still guide the destinies of their own societies, and so, whether he succeeds or fails, I say "good luck to him". Here, then, was praise of Roosevelt for his enterprise and leadership, praise which did not shrink from criticism on points of detail and was qualified by a lively recognition of the possibility of failure.

Resentment of Political Corruption

But there is another side to the public attitude to Roosevelt, more positive and infinitely more enthusiastic. I have written above of the corruption of American politics. I have not conveyed, nor could I hope to, the passionate resentment which this corruption has come to arouse. As each fresh scandal dating from the days of prosperity is unearthed by the various commissions appointed by the Government, the tide of popular indignation runs higher. I was present at a university dinner party when President Roosevelt's decision to take over the air mail services was announced. After the first shock of surprise there was an almost unanimous expression of satisfaction and relief at what was declared to be the most sweeping enactment of the administration up to date. Graft, I was informed, was the curse of American life. It made for inefficiency in City administration—two of the five professors at the dinner table had been assaulted and robbed in broad daylight in the streets during the preceding six months—and it was responsible for a series of scandals which disgraced American politics in the eyes of the world. It is precisely this sense of indignation which, it seemed to me, is at the bottom of Roosevelt's enormous popularity. A disinterested man himself, he is, men feel, taking on the thankless job of cleaning up these Augean stables. He was, I was told, the first President with the power, the courage, and the will to tackle the vested interests in corruption which have poisoned American public life. On this score members of every class in the community enthusiastically and delightedly backed the President, whatever they might think of his economic policies.

And, inevitably, there is growing a demand for a disinterested public service whose members form a professional class holding office independently of political allegiance. The English Civil Service is at once the envy and the ideal of those responsible for this demand. Nothing of the kind at present exists in America, where only the lower posts in the public service are occupied by permanent officials. Yet, I was assured again and again, it is only in so far as he succeeds in creating such an instrument of government that the President can really be said to have done his job. A beginning, it seems, is already being made. I have told above of a group of students who, while deplored the state of contemporary political public life, had not dreamt of trying to reform it themselves. Their attitude is, I gather, already behind the times; for already there is the beginning of a new tradition. It was Miss Perkins, the able and enterprising secretary of the Department of Labour, who described in my hearing a number of young men who during the last year had entered her Department—in what capacity, whether paid or otherwise, I never discovered—whose public conscience was so sensitive, whose political morals were so strict, that they had been nicknamed 'the Early Christians.' 'And it frequently happens', said Miss Perkins, with mock seriousness, 'that I am prevented from doing something that I want to do because my Early Christians won't let me'. Roosevelt, then, has at least made it possible for a new type of man to enter American public life. If he succeeds, the creation of a disinterested instrument of government may turn out to be not the least of his achievements.

But it would be unwise to underestimate the difficulties. The American people is intensely individualist and the tradition of *laissez-faire* dies hard. Business in the past has been so successful, prosperity so widespread, that the State has come to be regarded as a necessary nuisance whose excellence is to be measured by the extent of its abstention from interference.

Roosevelt's policy, which is gradually to increase the area over which the State interferes, runs counter, therefore, to the most deeply ingrained tendencies of American business life. It is an implied snub to American optimism. It suggests, in fact, that industry can no longer be trusted to look after itself. Hence it is resented as an offensive superfluity, for the same reason as Socialism is resented, by every man who still clings to the belief in prosperity just round the corner and in his own ability to 'make good' directly prosperity returns. The past

rewards of Capitalism have been so rich that few can be found to contemplate with equanimity the supersession of a system under which every man can still hope to be a small capitalist tomorrow. Hence, in spite of five years of depression, Socialism, in our sense of the word, is negligible. Men still insist that Roosevelt's schemes are only temporary measures designed to restore prosperity. When the tide has finally turned, the State will, it is hoped, retire once more into the background, and everything will continue as it did before the economic flood.

The National Character

A Working Woman Gives Her Views

I AM twenty-eight and I have worked and earned money ever since I was nine. After I left school I was nursemaid to some children and then I went into service. I have never worked in a factory, but all my sisters have, and two of them are working in a factory now, so I know something about that too. I'm a caretaker in one of those big old houses in London, and am married and have one little boy, aged eight. So I suppose you can say that my point of view is that of a wife, a mother and a domestic worker.

I asked my mother to help me with the talk by comparing experiences. I've not had an easy life, but when I compare it with hers it seems like a soft carpet. To begin with, she had eleven children. I have one and don't intend to have any more. Six of my mother's children died—quite young. I was second eldest, and so I had a good deal of work to do minding the younger children, and I remember nursing several of them before they died. I'm not going to let any child of mine go through that. My father's wages as a docker were about 24s. a week, and once he was on strike and there was nothing. And yet I can't ever remember going hungry. But perhaps I've forgotten. And I certainly never remember being terribly cold or going without boots. My mother had to buy most of our clothes second-hand, if she couldn't afford to buy us new ones, so that we always went to school tidily dressed.

That was partly because my mother used to earn as well. She made boxes, at home. I can remember her getting up at half-past six and making boxes practically all day, until six or seven in the evening. She used to sit at a bench working away, and as soon as a dozen boxes were completed we children used to make them up into a bundle. I can remember seeing my mother's fingers nearly bleeding from making the boxes. She got 2½d. a gross, and at the end of a week her earnings were about 7s. That doesn't sound much, but it was nearly a third of what my father earned, and a great addition to our money. We children used to paste paper covers inside, and help to carry the bundles to the factory at the end of the week. I shouldn't like to think of my boy having to help with the family wages, but I can't remember that it hurt me very much. I was rather proud to feel I was helping. Still, when the Board of Trade regulations came in and box-making was put under proper supervision, we were all delighted. And I for one, here and now, bless the Board of Trade Regulations.

What I have said may lead you to think that I had a miserable childhood. But it wasn't so. We were a very united family. My father and mother got on very well together. They were often unhappy, of course, but that was because we hadn't enough money. We lived in two rooms, the rent was cheap—about 5s., my mother said. The difference in rent then and now is simply awful. When I lived in two rooms my rent was 16s. a week. It seems wrong somehow. Food's just as important as a roof over your head, and yet food's cheap and rent's so dear. I live in the basement of a very large house. It's not very cheerful, but it might well be worse.

My mother must have been a very good manager to make do on 31s. a week with all of us to keep. I don't find it any too easy with twice as much, and only one child. Still I learned from my mother how to make a little money go a long way, and that was very useful when my husband was out of work for two years. That was the worst time in my life. Everyone says I'm a pretty cheerful person, but it wasn't easy to keep one's heart up in those days. He got terribly depressed, and it began to prey on my nerves like anything.

When I was a child it was the War. My dad was at the Front, and we used to wonder all the time if he'd been killed.

I don't know which is the worst, war or unemployment. I know that the War was a cloud over my head. When my husband was unemployed he used to say he'd join the Army. I don't quite know why he didn't. The Army must seem very comfortable to a man out of work: regular money, decent food, no worries. But I didn't want him to join the Army—anything rather than that. The Army means war, and I'm afraid of war. What people want to fight for I can't think. War seems such a muddle—they don't know what they're fighting about half the time. I'm sure I don't know what the last war was all about, and yet it made me very unhappy, thinking that my father might be killed at any moment. I don't think the people in this country would stand for another war. I suppose I haven't got any right to say that, because I don't know many people, but lots I do know don't want a war—especially the women. I often wonder whether the women couldn't stop another war—I mean if they really got together and were determined to do something. I often look at my little boy and think I'll do anything I can to prevent a war. But what can I do? Every day is so filled up with work, cleaning and getting meals and buying the food.

But I really like work. That may sound funny to some people. To hear some people talk you'd imagine work was the worst thing in the world. But I don't think so. I like to see my work well done, and I get a lot of satisfaction out of a room that's been properly cleaned by my own efforts. But it's not so much that. It's the actual working I like—getting a move on. It's difficult to describe. But it's sort of satisfying. I shouldn't like to think of a world in which there wasn't any need to work with your hands.

Of course I like to have a machine now and then, such a thing as an electric iron or a sewing machine—or a lift from the basement to the attic. But machines have been the cause of a lot of trouble in my opinion. All working people think so. Look at the men they've thrown out of work. Every new machine makes unemployment worse. But it's not only that. I think machines very often don't do the work as well as you could do it yourself. They make you rather lazy. And that's one thing working women aren't—*lazy*. It may look rather lazy to buy tinned foods; but it's often cheaper. And it's the same about ready-made clothes. You often hear us blamed for buying cheap ready-made clothes, and you hear people saying that working women are getting lazy and won't go to the trouble of making clothes. But that's not true. Ready-made clothes really are cheaper. And they fit better. And they look nicer. And I think those are very good reasons for buying them. It's not laziness. And then you often hear it said that working women today are always thinking about their appearance. They will have new clothes. They must have their hair waved. Also they must wear silk stockings instead of spending the money on something else they really need. I think that sort of remark is only supposed to apply to us working-class women. I don't think it's supposed to apply to women who've got plenty of money and can afford to look nice. But I think the fact that we want to look nice nowadays is a good sign. I don't think taking a pride in one's appearance is a bad thing. I feel happier if I've got a new blouse on, or a fresh pair of stockings. It's such a contrast to my mother's time. If she had one decent coat and hat that was enough for her. I'm quite sure she never looked at herself in the glass. She wanted to look respectable—that was enough. Well, I think working women today ought to look something more than respectable. They've nothing to be ashamed of, and there's no reason why they shouldn't take advantage of all the cheap things there are

on the market and look nice. I'm sure we all look younger than our mothers did. I suppose that is because we don't have large families. Women have got more time nowadays, and it seems to me quite all right that they should spend some of it on their personal appearance. I think it makes them better wives, too. A man likes you to look nice. There's more inducement for him to take you to the pictures.

I can remember the time when lots of children went to school without boots. You may be surprised to hear me say that since I'm not thirty, but it's quite true. I can also remember when the L.C.C. decided to give boots to children who needed them. It made a great difference. And it's the same with other things. They look after the children's health, see their teeth are all right, examine their eyesight, and let you have glasses very cheap. And they have milk in the morning. I'm very thankful we have a body like the L.C.C. It's only right the children should be looked after. Health comes first. You can't teach them anything if they're not healthy. And it's because the L.C.C. have put health first that they've got us working-class mothers on their side. We feel the L.C.C. really do want to do their best for the children. And we trust the teachers more nowadays.

I think that's part of a better understanding all round. Working women today aren't afraid of things. They seem to know where they stand a good deal better. You see that in a good many other ways. Look at their attitude towards their husbands. There's no meek and mild nowadays. Women feel they're as good as men. I only laugh when my mother says: 'How can you speak to him like that? I wonder he doesn't knock you down'. But free speech is only right, I say. It was because women didn't or couldn't speak up for themselves in the old days that they were so badly off.

There's one thing I'd like to say about schools before I forget it. They take a great deal more trouble about the health of the children, but they still have the most awful school buildings. Most of them round here are very old and dark and badly ventilated. It must be very disheartening for the teachers. I can't think why they go on using them. It seems much more important to me that little children should have good schools than that grown-up men should have offices like palaces. Why shouldn't our children go to school in a building like that Shell-Mex on the Embankment?

I was once asked what sort of education I'd like to have for my little boy if I could choose. Well, there are some things I would like to see. I think all boys and girls ought to be educated together. After all, they've got to work together later on. And then I think they might teach them some more practical things—if they did, I'd like them to stay on at school longer. Otherwise I'm not very keen on it. One thing I'd like them to learn is hygiene. I think they ought to know all about their own bodies, and how to take care of them. Better far to know how your body works than how some old king won a battle a couple of hundred years ago. And then I'd like them to learn how to do things about the house. There are always things want doing. A fuse gets blown, a drain stops up, a window cord breaks. Girls as well as boys should be taught this. They could learn how to economise, too. It seems to me that it'll always be necessary to economise, whatever Party is in power.

Then religion too. I think children ought to be taught to tell the truth at school as well as at home. 'Tell the truth and shame the devil', I say. It seems to me that if you tell the truth you can't go very far wrong. That's what I think religion really is. Being honest and telling the truth. I think you can still be good and not go to church. I don't go to church myself, and I don't feel any the worse for it. I went to Sunday school when I was a child—I was made to. And my little boy goes to Sunday school. But that's because he likes to. It seems to me that most people do as they like much more nowadays. They don't care what other people think. I know that I'm not going to church just to please other people. And I'm not going to stop other people from going to church. If they like to go, let them. But religion isn't church-going. Religion, I think, is something inside you. When you're in pain or trouble you feel yourself helpless and call to God. It's comforting to think that there's someone who cares. I know lots of people say that religion's all nonsense and old-fashioned, and sentimental. But I don't think so, I think it's something you can't get out of you, even if you wanted to. But I'm not going to say that my view is right. It's all right as far as I'm concerned. And that's what I feel about my child. What's all right for me may

not be right for him. Children get a much better time now than they used to. Parents aren't nearly so strict. When I look back I remember my mother and father being very strict with us children. Somehow my mother was always afraid for us. She was afraid we'd get into mischief or come to some harm unless she knew exactly where we were. But I'm not afraid about what my boy is going to do with himself. I trust his good sense to take care of him.

Young girls nowadays of 16 or 17 are quite free to go to dances with boys or to the pictures or go out for a walk, and there's no harm thought of it. But in the old days we were always warned by our mothers. I think it led to the wrong sort of friendship between boys and girls. Young girls nowadays are well able to take care of themselves. They know what's what, and they aren't afraid. I think the War made a lot of difference. And then working in factories makes girls stand up more for themselves. When you work in a factory you get all your evenings off, and so you've time to go out and see things. I'm sure that's the real reason why so many girls would rather have factory life than service. In service you aren't sure of your leisure. And in any case you don't get every evening off. I know mistresses are said to be better than they were. But it seems to me service will never really be popular unless conditions about time off are very much changed. Actually, I've never worked in a factory and I shouldn't like to. I like working in a house. It seems to me you can be so much more useful, and there's more variety in it. Besides I don't like machine work. I like doing things with my hands. And that's more important to me than time off.

You may well want to know what we want time off for. A good many of the girls and women I know seem to spend it going to the cinema (at any rate once a week), or looking in the shop-windows, or sometimes reading novels. Personally, I don't think it's much good looking at shop-windows. You simply see things you'd like and can't buy. There's not a great deal one can do with one's leisure outside the house.

At home, of course, you can read the newspapers or listen to the wireless. I don't think working women read the papers much. Perhaps they look at the pictures, nothing more. Newspapers are mostly, I think, for the men. But they're mostly for sport and racing news. I don't think people take politics very seriously. They say it's more or less paper talk. I don't think politics matter as much as some people make out. A few of the men, of course, are mad about it and go off the deep end about Socialism. I'm a Socialist, that's to say I always vote Labour, because I think that's the working-class party and that we ought to vote for them. But in any case it all seems the same whoever gets into Parliament. It's all a lot of talking. And as far as I can see it doesn't make any difference whether the Socialists are in or whether the Tories are in. In any case my husband's a Conservative and I'm a Socialist, so we cancel each other out. I'm in favour of votes for women, but I don't think it's made much difference. It's only at election time people really take any notice, and then they don't know what they're voting about half the time. Of course, I suppose some good things have come out of politics. For instance, there's the Old Age Pension. Ten shillings a week isn't a great deal, but it makes all the difference.

I believe we're a good deal happier than our mothers were in their day. That doesn't mean to say that things couldn't be better, or that the lot of the British working woman is a bed of roses. I know what it's like to have the Public Assistance people on your doorstep. It's not at all pleasant, especially if they want to make out that you're trying to get something for nothing. Who wants to be on the Public Assistance, I'd like to know? Most women I know are proud of their independence, and one of the worst things about unemployment is being dependent. Still it's been my experience that if you act fair with the Public Assistance they'll probably act fair to you. After all I don't think the officials can find their job particularly pleasant. It must be very nice to have money and not to have to worry about unemployment. Many people think that the upper classes ought to be got rid of. But I don't. I don't envy them their idleness! Work isn't a bad thing. The thing I do object to is when they give themselves airs. After all we're all human, and I don't believe there's so very much difference between us, rich or poor. The thing that matters is not money and education, but character. The great thing is to be independent and capable of looking after yourself. Facing up to things—that's character.

Industrial Britain—IX

People at Work: Jobs and Conditions

By Professor JOHN HILTON

PERSONAL tastes in the matter of work are infinitely varied. It has always seemed strange to me that any man should be willing to work in a coal-mine for less than double or treble what he would earn above-ground; but I know that even in the far-off times when trade was brisk and good jobs to be had at good wages right and left, the miner not only stayed in the mine for choice, but his son, for choice, followed him there. Evidently underground work has its satisfactions, even fascinations, for those who are made or brought up that way. Similarly, I am not in the least sure that the men I saw working in dust-helmets in sandblasting chambers, breathing through a flexible pipe connecting with the outer air, found their job as unpleasant as it looked. I marvelled that anyone could stand the heat and glare which men at furnaces, hammers, rolls, boilers and kilns had to endure; but most of them seemed to be enduring it very cheerfully; and not only thriving on it but finding a thrill in the very fieriness of their jobs. I should think a shipyard is a draughty and chilly place to work in when there are ten degrees of frost and an east wind; but I know how the body accustoms itself to cold as to heat, and how working in the open on any job that can only be done in the open has compensations of its own.

I told you in an earlier talk how labour-saving devices of all kinds were relieving the sort of strain on the human body which, only a generation ago, was still producing enough physical wreckage to make the words 'too old at forty' have some meaning and truth. There is very little left, I think, of the work calling for brute force and sometimes resulting in brutal rupture and breakdown; and what there is will not long continue. It is not only that mechanical power is cheaper than muscular power. That is true and one should be glad of it. It is also that the social conscience in the matter of the overloading of the human body has been quickened and has expressed itself in our laws and in our social administration. I shall speak of that in a moment. On my tour I saw men, here and there, working with an activity that must have left any but an exceptionally strong person fit for little but an armchair and bed at the end of the day. I recall thinking of one or two that no man could possibly keep up that pace for eight hours a day a week on end. In every case the man was on piece-work; perhaps I was watching an occasional spurt. But I saw no case of physical overloading.

With the lightening of the muscular load and the speeding

up of operations the point of danger has shifted from exhaustion to fatigue; and fatigue is a combination of physical and mental distress. I had been aware, as you know, of the contention that modern mass-production methods were making industrial work more and more monotonous, and I had made some investigations into particular cases. I remember discussing last summer, in one of my talks, the effect upon a worker's mind and temper of unvarying repetition work. I spoke of the man on a motor assembly line whose working horizon was bounded by three nuts and a screwkey. I discussed, from what experience I then had, the question of the

effect on the worker of the system of production known as 'the conveyor system' and 'the belt'. Now I saw, on my tour, a great deal of assembly lines, conveyors and belts: and while some of the work looked monotonous, by far the greater part of it looked interesting and varied. The conveyor system is a system of production under which the work moves at a determined rate past the worker, and each must do his or her allotted task, no more and no less, in the allotted time, at unvarying intervals.

It sounds rather inhuman, doesn't it? You can't have a slack morning and then make up for it in the afternoon; you must work all the time at the same pace, and you must do neither more nor less than the job assigned to you. It was clear to me that whether work under this system was endurable or even pleasant depended on three things; the intensity of the work, the range of the operation each person had to perform, and the length of a time a person had to stay on the same job. Now I found on the assembly lines at motor works a much wider range of operation allotted to one man than I had expected to find. There was nothing in the nature of one man screwing one kind of nut on one kind of bolt all day long. Whether from calculation or from consideration, each one had a sufficiently wide series of things to do to provide variety and interest over a considerable spell of work at the same job. I saw few signs of over-pressure and over-intensity. It seemed to me in the examples I saw that there was speed without hurry. In the motor-parts machine shops, where components on which a whole series of machining operations have to be performed—such as engine castings and gear boxes—are slid along from one specialised machine to the next, I certainly saw hardly anyone with any spare time on his hands; but also I saw few with any reason for yawning at the boredom of the job. It seemed to me that firms intelligent enough to work the



Protection in a brass foundry, where the poisonous fumes given off by the green flames would, in the absence of adequate precautions, be injurious to the workers

Photograph: E. O. Hoppé

conveyor system successfully were in general intelligent enough to see that the workpeople were not paralysed by boredom. On some of the lighter and more finicky work done by women and girls on articles moving along the belt I thought there was more danger of staleness through monotonous repetition. I discussed this with managers who worked the travelling belt system and with some who had not adopted it though the work seemed suitable. The latter told me they thought the delivery to the workpeople of the articles in batches instead of one at a time in a steady stream was better in their opinion for the worker and the work. I remember two such managers who designedly had the girls themselves take each batch, as finished, along to the next operator and fetch a new batch from the previous operator. It would have saved time and expense to put in a conveyor, but they thought the break important. Managers working the belt system were alive to this, and tried to arrange that no one stayed on one job long enough to get stale on it. In one works where four girls were doing a sequence of operations on one article, which went from one to the other on a revolving table, it had been arranged that every hour all the girls should change over from one operation to the next. A very simple device, but it had made a great difference to the girls and to their work.

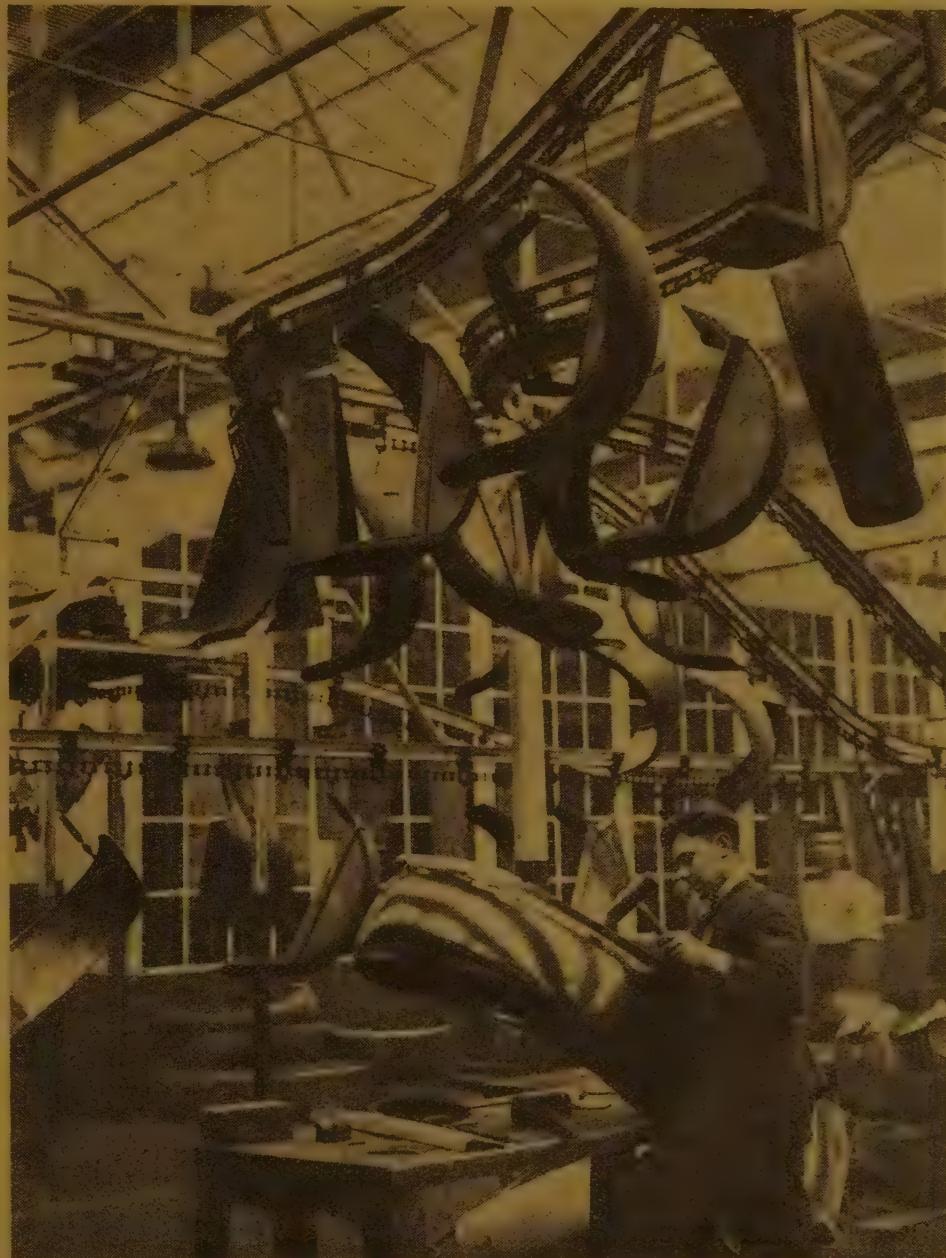
Searching my mind for examples, I now remember what struck me as the most tedious job I had yet looked upon. It was in a hosiery factory. It was an operation preliminary to putting the heel or toe, I forget which, into a sock. The loops made by the previous machine which had made the leg had each to be put on a hook or needle in the next machine. Rows of machines and rows of girls, and socks by the cartload. I wondered how many millions or billions or trillions of loops one of those girls would hook on to its needle in the course of a year. Terrible, you say. Yes, I thought it pretty bad, and I hoped some inventor would get on the job and make it unnecessary. And yet, for my part, I should have thought knitting a jumper by hand was quite as tedious; yet I've known women to whom jumper-knitting appeared to be their one joy in life. It's very difficult to say what's tedious and what isn't.

None the less, nervous exhaustion and boredom are things

a manager in charge of a factory engaged on repetition work has to reckon with. A worker suffering nervous overstrain or the monotony of the job will become inefficient or disgruntled or both. Now commonsense will go a long way toward avoidance of these things; but the reactions between the mind and the job are by no means simple, and I want to mention again the work of the National Institute of Industrial Psychology, which has done and is doing such notable work in this field. The Institute does not confine its investigations, researches,

reports and advice merely to the avoidance of fatigue and boredom. In the synopsis of these talks which I gave in the booklet, *Industrial Britain*, published by the B.B.C., I used the phrase 'making things easy, pleasant, healthy and safe'. I can best describe the work of the Institute of Industrial Psychology by saying that it concerns itself with how production can be made easy and pleasant and therefore effective for both worker and employer.

I said a little while ago that the social conscience had become more alive to the need for protecting the worker from industrial strain, injury and disease. That concern I see expressing itself in industry in several ways. There are employers who from ignorance, lack of means or callousness would employ people, if they were allowed, at



Hammering out a wing taken from a conveyor belt at Ford Motor Works, Dagenham

L.N.A.

dangerous and unhealthy tasks or under dangerous or unhealthy conditions. For them we have our Factory and Workshops Acts, and our factory inspectors to see that all factories are kept clean and properly ventilated, and not overcrowded, and that a reasonable temperature is maintained in the workrooms; to see that there are suitable and sufficient sanitary conveniences; to inspect all machinery so that it is properly fenced; to require and receive notice of all accidents, to investigate causes and to advise a means of preventing their recurrence; to see that the hours of employment of women and young persons are within the prescribed limits; to see that there is no contravention of the Truck Acts; to require the provision of exhaust ventilation, medical supervision, cleanliness, messroom and cloakroom accommodation, or other safety measures in dangerous trades; and to enforce the welfare orders made to secure the comfort and well-being of workers in industries where special welfare arrangements are needed. We

are apt, I think, to take all this too much for granted; but it is a notable piece of social legislation carried out by a Home Office staff consisting of some 200 officers of various grades who pay some 350,000 visits of inspection every year.

There are, as I say, employers who have to be compelled to observe the minimum requirements of the Acts; but there are many other employers who take pains over health and safety, not grudgingly to avoid penalties, but keenly to ensure the well-being of the workpeople, their productive fitness, and their loyal co-operation. These are increasing in number and in importance, and as that change proceeds there is a corresponding change in the part played by the factory inspector in industry. A visit from the factory inspector is being recognised more and more to be an opportunity for an intelligent and progressive employer to learn much to his own advantage. From being the Bogey Man who came to enforce an unpopular Act, he is becoming the welcome visitor who can give advice and guidance. He started in his job with a good technical and scientific equipment, he has seen the inside of some thousands of factories. He may not give away trade secrets; but there he is, an industrial expert whose services are at the disposal of the industry to assist and advise. The Department has under its jurisdiction 270,000 factories, 8,000 docks and warehouses, and many buildings in course of construction.

What improvements in cleanliness, ventilation, heating and tidiness I can see in the average industrial establishment since my own younger days in the workshops! I want, by way of illustration, to mention one particular case of attention to cleanliness and order. It shall not be one of the beautiful model factories which are industrial show places; but a comparatively small and old works at Newcastle. It was, oddly enough, a soap works; but if you think a soap works must necessarily be clean as a new pin you are mistaken. It can be a very dirty place indeed. This one had been not only dirty but dark and gloomy; but it had come into new ownership and one of the first things the new owners had done was to have it scoured from end to end; to have the gloomy black and brown paint scraped away, and have the whole place done in cream and white, with bright yellows and reds picking out the beams and pillars and pipes. I spent an afternoon there with the man chiefly responsible for all this. He was young, but he had had wide experience. He was quite clear what he was about. No good work could be done in gloom and dirt. Light, cleanliness, and brightness paid—hands down. It was paying. It would always pay. Of course, he was right. Again and again when I came to a firm that was doing particularly well, there was this same attention to cleanliness and brightness.

I have touched only the fringe of this matter of making work not only easy and pleasant, but also healthy and safe. I wonder if you know of the research work that has been done and is being done upon this matter? If not, may I suggest that you get hold of the latest Annual Report of the Industrial Health Research Board.* The Board was created some fifteen years ago, as an adjunct of the Medical Research Council, to advise upon or carry out investigations for the purpose of promoting better knowledge of the relations of hours of labour, including methods of work, to the functions of the human body, having regard both to the preservation of health among the workers and to industrial efficiency; and to take steps to secure the co-operation of industries in the fullest practical application of the results of this research work to the needs of industry. You may read a brief account of recent researches in the Annual Report and see there a list of previous investigations, the results of which have been published and are available to employers who desire the health and content of their workpeople and the efficiency of their organisation.

A few weeks ago, in the course of these talks, I suggested that lower wage-limits should be set, below which no one should be employed without special permit. Now I am urging that employers should take pains to see that work is made easy, pleasant, healthy and safe. You may be longing to remind me that all these things cost money; that not many employers just now are in a position either to pay any more in wages or to spend money on frills; that both in our home market and still more in neutral markets we are up against competition from countries whose wages and hours and working conditions are far behind ours; and that until something can be done about all that, any further improvement of working conditions at home,

however desirable, is impracticable. I reply, first, that although the things that make work easy, pleasant, healthy and safe cost something, they can be made to yield in higher efficiency more than they cost. Second, that we in this country cannot hope to meet the competition of countries where labour standards are low by lowering our own; we shall be beaten at that game every time. Third, that we should seek, through the agency of the International Labour Office at Geneva, to promote the collection and issue of authoritative information about labour conditions in all parts of the world. Fourth, that just as there are firms in our home industries who will sell special lines below cost to lure away from others customers whom they will afterwards trade upon and profit by, and other firms who will sell below cost in order to protract their journey to the bankruptcy court; so there are nations which have not got beyond the stage of stunt selling below cost in the hope of staving off an evil day. Fifth, that however much one may deplore and detest the existence and growth of the protective tariffs which are so evil a part of the world malady, any steps which may be necessary to prevent stunt goods and distress goods coming from abroad into our home markets at such prices as to dislocate home production must be not only tolerated but supported. Last, that as regards competition in neutral markets, there is nothing for it but patience. The advantages of a depreciating currency are short-lived. Subsidised stunts or distress sales in the shape of shilling trousers, 9d. shirts and 17s. 6d. cycles cannot continue very long. Our manufacturers will do best, I think, to see the collective efficiency of their manufacturing and selling based on high working standards; and wait with what patience they can for exploitation and profligacy to run its course.

What Shall I Read?

V—Biography

In his talk on March 13 Mr. W. E. Williams discussed varieties of biography. His main illustrations were Lytton Strachey's *Queen Victoria* (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.) and E. V. Lucas' *Life of Charles Lamb* (Methuen, 21s.). This further list may be useful to those who have a taste for biography.

IMPRESSIONISTIC BIOGRAPHY: i.e., biography which tries to interpret rather than to inform.

Ariel, by André Maurois (Lane, 3s. 6d.)—a vivid assessment in the novelist's manner of Shelley's life. A similar treatment will be found in Maurois' other biographies, *Byron* (Cape, 12s. 6d.) and *Disraeli* (Lane, 12s. 6d.).

Elizabeth and Essex, by Lytton Strachey (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.)—a depiction of an age through two of its greatest spirits; and in many ways Strachey's best book.

Napoleon (Allen and Unwin, 10s.) and *Bismarck* (Allen and Unwin, 10s.), both by Emil Ludwig—both a bit over-coloured, yet they make lively reading.

Henry VIII, by Francis Hackett (Cape, 7s. 6d.)—again the grease-paint is put on too freely, but the portraiture is vivid.

Queen Elizabeth, by Professor J. E. Neale (Cape, 9s. 6d.)—one of the most recent essays in interpretive biography, and a very fine piece of work.

Life of Samuel Johnson, by James Boswell (2 vols., Dent, 2s. each)—the general reader will probably prefer one of the abbreviated versions of this classic of biography.

Bernard Shaw, by Frank Harris (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.)—a wayward, erratic, but intermittently brilliant piece of evaluation.

The Skull of Swift, by Shane Leslie (Chatto and Windus, 12s. 6d.)—an interesting imaginative study of the life of Jonathan Swift.

The Life of Jesus, by E. Renan (Dent, 2s.)—an unorthodox evaluation of the life and work of Christ.

PLAIN BIOGRAPHY: i.e., biography whose emphasis is on the objective values of the subject, biography which does not primarily seek to interpret but to inform.

Alexander Pope, by Edith Sitwell (Faber, 7s. 6d.); *The Life of William Cobbett*, by G. D. H. Cole (Collins, 5s.); *The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson*, by Sir G. Balfour (Methuen, 3s. 6d.); *The Life of William Shakespeare*, by Sir Sidney Lee (Murray, 15s.); *King Charles II*, by Arthur Bryant (Longmans, 9s. 6d.); *Charles I*, by Hilaire Belloc (Cassell, 16s.); *Marlborough*, by Winston Churchill, Vol. I (Harrap, 25s.).

Those who fancy an occasional 'blood' will like *The Crimson Fester*, by H. H. Dunn (Harrap, 8s. 6d.). It is the story of Zapata, a big-scale bandit who some years ago had a spectacular career in Mexico.

There is a very interesting series of two-shilling biographies being published by Duckworth. It includes lives of Keats, John Wesley, The Brontës, Beethoven, Nelson, van Gogh, Byron, Burns, and Jane Austen.

Pillars of the English Church—V

Bishop Selwyn

By the Rev. Dr. S. C. CARPENTER

The first of four talks by the Master of the Temple on some of the great rulers and administrators of the English Church

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SELWYN, son of a famous family, and for the rest a product of Eton, Cambridge and the grace of God, was a man of the heroic type. I happened last summer to be present at the Jubilee of the College founded in his memory at Cambridge, and I heard Mr. Baldwin, Chancellor of the University, deliver the Jubilee Oration. He said, 'Selwyn was four things, an athlete, a scholar, a gentleman, a Christian'. Here is a characteristic story of his school days. Athletic materials were not so perfect then as they are now, and there were in the Eton boathouse seven not very good oars and one very bad one. The 'punt-pole', as it was called, was left for the last comer. Selwyn contrived always to come last, and when they ragged him about it, he grinned, and said that it was worth his while to get it, because 'I used to have to pull the weight of the sulky fellow who took it, and now you are all in a good temper'. He left behind him at Eton such a reputation that it had one unfortunate result. For years after his time visiting preachers could not refrain from allusions to the noble life of George Selwyn. It never occurred to them that all visiting preachers always did this, and the consequence was that the poor congregation got rather badly bored. Nothing was ever farther from Selwyn's own mind than that he should be rammed down anybody's throat. But it is one of the penalties of greatness. Was not Athenian Aristides banished because his fellow-countrymen were tired of hearing him always called 'The Just'?

At Cambridge, where the old order of merit had not yet been abolished, he was Second Classic. He also rowed Seven in the first University Boat Race at Henley in 1829. Regard for truth drags from me the admission that on that occasion Oxford won by 'about a hundred yards'. Selwyn was made Fellow of St. John's, but he did not stay at Cambridge. He spent the next ten years at Eton as a Private Tutor, and as Curate of Windsor. The Church of England was at that time in a bad way. Selwyn was among the pioneers of enlargement and reform, quite clearly one of those to whom the Church would have to look when men were wanted to fill positions of leadership and danger. He was never actually associated with the Tractarian Movement, which was then just beginning, but he had, in his Cambridge way, a very clear and very noble conception of what the Church might be.

In 1841 it was estimated by those who knew that there were thirteen countries in which it was urgent that a bishopric should be founded. Remember that there were at that time only ten English overseas bishops. Most of the Colonial area was nominally in the diocese of London. A Colonial Bishoprics Council was established, money was given, a large number of sees were founded, and Selwyn became Bishop of New Zealand. A mistake by the Crown lawyers added four thousand miles to his diocese, but he cheerfully accepted it, and the mistake was one which led eventually to the founding of the diocese of Melanesia, with its famous martyr-bishop Patteson. The voyage occupied five months, and Selwyn spent the time learning navigation and the Maori language. He at once took the New Zealanders by storm. He was so plainly a man, a king of men. His gifts of body, mind and spirit were outstanding. He walked incredible distances, he won the admiration of the sailors by his skill in managing a ship, of the soldiers by his coolness under fire in the unhappy Maori wars. All wars are unhappy, but the Maori wars were an unmitigated calamity. They arose, as usual, over misunderstandings about land. The Bishop never thought of himself as anything else except the friend of both sides. They were all his flock, and he had a duty to them all. But there was nothing

flabby or 'lamb-doodle' about his friendliness. His notion of duty caused him to rebuke both covetousness and cruelty wherever he found it, and so he had his moments of unpopularity, and even of acute physical danger. But he was so obviously the real friend of both sides, he did so much for the wounded, and in the way of healing hatreds and promoting the peace-mind, that he was seen in the end to have been right.

His great work was done in commanding to the inhabitants of a new country the Christian character, and in creating the organisation of the Church. He had for the whole of New Zealand one common Church Fund, which paid all the stipends, his own and those of the archdeacons and the parochial clergy, and to this fund every parish must pay its quota according to its means. No quota, no grant. With all his force of character, and the authority which he commanded, he was a believer in government by consent. His first Synod, a very modest affair, consisting of himself and his few clergy, was pronounced by high authority at home to have been illegal. But the Colonial Churches were gradually being disestablished, and in 1859 he had the satisfaction of presiding over a General Assembly of the Church of New Zealand, with the Governor, the Chief Justice, the Attorney-General, among the representatives of the laity. There were by that time four other Bishops, and Selwyn had become Bishop of Auckland.

He visited England in 1854, and delivered four famous sermons at Cambridge. The University, young and old, was stirred to its depths. They saw a lion-hearted man in the pulpit, worn by his incessant labours but still full of strength and majesty. He saw the hundreds of young men, many of whom were afterwards to be leaders in Church and State, listening to his appeal for volunteers to serve Christ and mankind. It must have been for both a moving experience.

His next visit to England was for the first Lambeth Conference in 1867. There had been some apprehensions (the Church of England was not then so adventurous and experimental as she has since become) about so new a thing. But Selwyn was so thoroughly accustomed to synodical government that he could not share either the fears or the suspicions. It was while he was at home at that time that he was invited to become Bishop of Lichfield. At Lichfield, he reinvigorated everything and everybody. He was like a breath of fresh air. He went everywhere, he established Diocesan Conferences, he founded the Lichfield Brotherhood of Lay Evangelists, he encouraged candidates for Holy Orders from all classes of society, if the right training could be secured for them. He used to say that the worst and most fatal of all modern heresies was 'the gentleman heresy'. For himself one of his favourite texts was, 'I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me'. There are innumerable stories about his carrying bundles for old women, and lifting carts out of ditches. He was simple, dignified, magnanimous.

When he died in 1878, it was felt that only the founding of a College could worthily commemorate what Mr. Gladstone called his noble name. It was the supreme tribute. For a College lasts for ever. It carries down into posterity, for good or evil, the name of its foundation. And Selwyn College has well maintained the faith of those who founded it in memory of George Augustus, Bishop in the Church of God. In an age when many are wondering how they can become rich, it is a reminder that plain living and clear thinking can exist together. In an age when not a few are in danger of losing the spiritual basis of life, it is an evidence that true religion and sound learning can flourish side by side. And I think it may be assumed that the Bishop would have been glad to hear that his College is high up in the First Division on the River.

Art

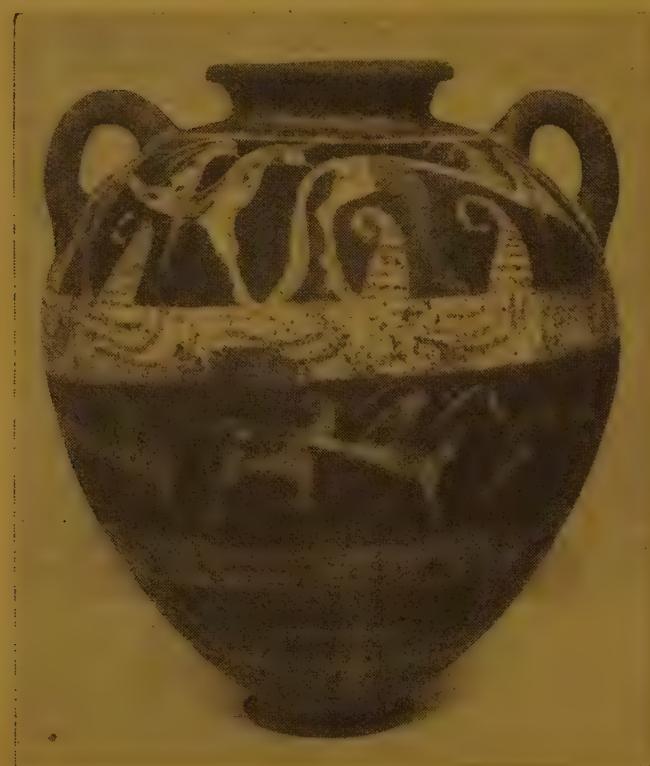
Etruscan Art

By ROGER HINKS

In view of the extreme obscurity surrounding the origins of the Etruscan civilisation, and the difficulty of getting satisfactory evidence on purely linguistic grounds, the study of Etruscan art, and the comparison of it with other forms of Mediterranean art, may help to throw fresh light on the problem

IN order to understand the intrinsic character of Etruscan art it is necessary to consider the origin of the Etruscan race. This problem is still unsolved, but we are gradually reaching some provisional conclusions as to its general affinities, even if we cannot decide exactly where the Etruscans came from, and how or when they reached the sites in Central Italy which they occupied in historic times. The Greeks and Romans were agreed that the Etruscans resembled no other race, and it seems clear that they did not belong to the Indo-

Remembering this acute contrast of Etruscan with Greek society, we are not surprised to learn that the Greek elements in Etruscan art arrive late and never penetrate very deeply below the surface. Far more important are the relations with the Orient. It is, in fact, the union of oriental creative force with the lively susceptibility of the Mediterranean race that brought the original Etruscan art to fruition. The geometric art of the preceding Italic population—the so-called Villanovan culture—has little connection with this orientalising art, except that both overlapped in close geographical propinquity for a considerable length of time. The Italic art, which is connected with that of the Iron Age in Central Europe, is a folk-art, whereas the orientalising art is an aristocratic art. The former belonged to the subject masses, the latter to their feudal overlords. It is generally assumed that these feudal overlords were the conquering Etruscan minority from overseas; but this involves us in certain chronological difficulties, if, as is commonly supposed, the aristocratic Tyrrhenians reached Italy about 800 B.C., for none of the specifically orientalising products of Etruscan art are earlier than the first half of the seventh century. If, therefore, the date of the Etruscan invasion is correct, the orientalising objects must have been obtained from Phoenician traders or made by immigrant Phoenician craftsmen and the Etruscan pupils they trained wherever they settled. Phoenician art is itself eclectic, being compounded of Egyptian, Assyrian, Hittite, and other elements; and in Etruria this hybrid style is further diluted with



Some examples of Etruscan art from the British Museum: pottery jar, black with two friezes of chimæras painted in cream and orange (c. 650 B.C.)

European family. According to Herodotus, the Tyrrhenians migrated to Umbria from Lydia; and whether or not this story represents a historical fact, it is undoubtedly true that the Etruscans had much in common with the peoples of South-western Asia Minor. The modern tendency, however, is to believe, not that one race was derived from the other, but that both were survivors of the aboriginal Mediterranean population, of which the Minoan Cretans were another branch.

This would explain why there are striking resemblances between early Etruscan and Minoan art. Direct influence must be ruled out; the dates do not suit. The sympathy is deeper-rooted. Both have an exuberance and a certain formlessness which are alien to the art of Greece and the Near East alike. Both are fundamentally anti-classical, in the sense that both avoid the 'golden mean', the rigid symmetry and calculated harmony, the sharp definition of individual forms and the perpetual tendency to establish types and canons and other æsthetic rules and regulations. Both showed a strong dislike of monumental architecture and major sculpture which can hardly have been purely accidental. And we must also bear in mind that both Minoan and Etruscan society was matriarchal and feminist in tone. In neither do we find those traces of the harem which persisted even in the Athens of Pericles.



Terracotta head of a woman (c. 500 B.C.)

specifically Etruscan elements. These, one must repeat, have nothing to do with the Iron Age geometric art of the Villanovans. In so far as they have any parallels, these must be sought in Crete and in the neighbouring corner of Asia Minor. For example, the earliest Etruscan tomb-paintings—those in the Grotta Campana at Veii, which date from about the end of the seventh century, have distinct affinities with contemporary Cretan sculptured reliefs and metal-work.

As a specimen of the art of this early phase of Etruscan culture we may take the jar in the British Museum shown here. This remarkable piece is of coarse ware with a reddish-black slip and two friezes of chimæras added in opaque cream

and transparent orange paint. It is unnecessary to remark how the decoration of this vase differs in feeling from the neat metallic decoration of contemporary Protocorinthian ware, though that, too, seems to have been influenced by Cretan models; the Etruscan jar has a certain extravagance of manner which is not in the least Greek. It is also curious to note the resemblance—which must be purely accidental—of the

in so small a space—the disc is only $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches across—is an achievement unequalled in Greek art at this period.

We have noted that the Etruscans never imitated the Greek art of monumental sculpture. In their own art of moulded terracotta, however, they were capable of producing delightful effects. This painted clay head from Cervetri was once part of the decoration of a temple-roof. It is gaily painted in colours which are well preserved: the face creamy white, the lips and hair red, the eyelids and eyebrows black, and the pupils of the eyes green; the ear-rings are red with black markings; and the myrtle-wreath above the neatly-waved hair is green on black. The face, although archaic in detail, has a lively and attractive expression; the mouth, in particular, is masterly, and the tilted Asiatic eyes and the fine plucked line of the brows have a charm to which we are today peculiarly susceptible.

This immediate human quality is even more conspicuous in the slightly later figure of the reclining reveller, a bronze of the late archaic period, about 480 B.C. This agreeable person is stretched out on an imaginary sofa, with a cup in one hand. His mouth is open, and he seems to be talking; the outspread hand confirms it. He is dressed in his best clothes; and his beard, moustache, and imperial are beautifully sleek and spruce. Such a piece shows us Etruscan art at its best. But the decline was at hand; the disaster at Cumæ in 474, when the Etruscans were defeated by the Syracusans and lost their mastery of the western sea, was a blow from which they never recovered. The fifth century, the most brilliant period of Greek culture, was for the Etruscans an age of decline. No classical period succeeded their archaic period; it was the moment for engaging little things—such as this bronze statuette of a woman worshipper—not for masterpieces. And when something of the Etruscan spirit revived, a hundred years later, it was the old Italic peasant-genius, and not the brilliant Mediterranean aristocratic genius of the Tyrrhenians.



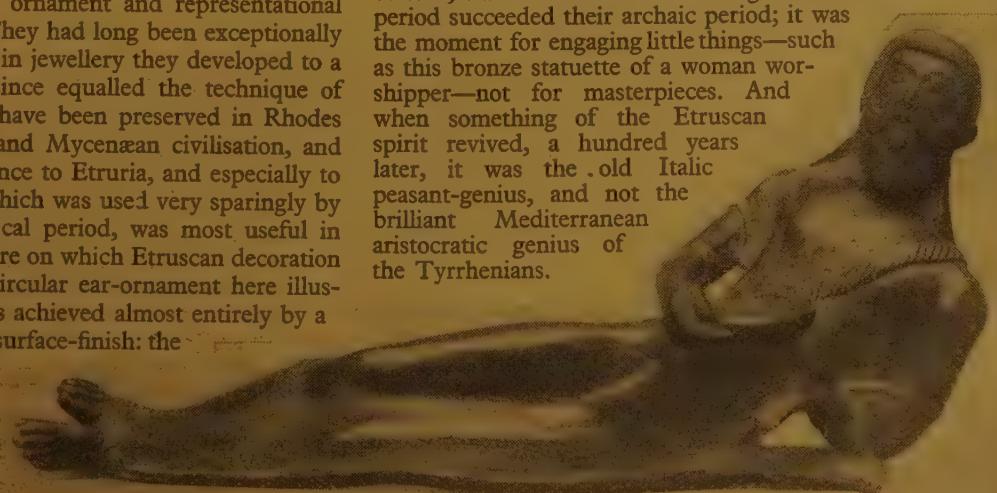
Bronze statuette of a woman worshipper
(c. 400 B.C.)

mouth and handles to those of Middle Minoan jars at least a thousand years earlier in date.

During the sixth century the orientalising phase gave way to a phase of Ionian Greek influence, transmitted partly from the Greek colonial cities in Southern Italy and Sicily, and also directly by sea-trading with the coasts of Asia Minor. Except in pottery, the Etruscans had little to learn from the Greeks in technical matters; and their borrowing was mainly confined to formal motifs in ornament and representational formulas in the figure-arts. They had long been exceptionally skilful workers in metal; and in jewellery they developed to a height of perfection never since equalled the technique of granulation which seems to have been preserved in Rhodes after the decline of Cretan and Mycenæan civilisation, and to have been transmitted thence to Etruria, and especially to Vetulonia. This technique, which was used very sparingly by Greek jewellers of the classical period, was most useful in creating the contrasts of texture on which Etruscan decoration so much depended. In the circular ear-ornament here illustrated the richness of effect is achieved almost entirely by a subtle counterpoint of varied surface-finish: the seven blue-glass studs (one of them is missing), the delicate beaded borders, the modelled repoussé Sirens, and the soft matt granulated lotus-flowers and Amazon's shields. This play of light



Gold ear-ornament (c. 500 B.C.)



Bronze statuette of a banquetter (c. 480 B.C.)

The Colonial Empire—X

Science and Health in Tropical Africa

By Colonel S. P. JAMES

Colonel James, Fellow of the Royal Society, was for many years in the Indian Medical Service and is now Adviser on Tropical Diseases at the Ministry of Health in London. He is a member of the Colonial Advisory Medical Committee, the Malaria Commission of the League of Nations at Geneva, and President of the Yellow Fever Commission of the Office International d'Hygiène Publique in Paris

HEALTH conditions on the West Coast of Africa in the old days were very different from health conditions today. Even as recently as the period from 1881 to 1897 the average death-rate of Government officials in the Gold Coast was 76 per 1,000 per annum, and in Lagos 54 per 1,000. Figures showing the number of officials who had to be invalidated out of the service on account of ill-health were equally high. As recently as the period 1903 to 1907 the invaliding rate of all officials serving in the four West African Colonies was 63 per 1,000 per annum.

Unless you can keep these statistics in mind you will not be able to appreciate what medical science has done to make them a matter of past history. Present history tells a much happier tale. Since 1925 the death-rate of officials serving in West Africa has never reached 10 per 1,000 per annum, and the invaliding rate since 1927 has never reached 12 per 1,000 per annum. In 1932 the death-rate was only 3.6 per 1,000. This was a lower rate than for persons of the same age-group in England.

Thus it is easy to see that life for the European in West Africa is much more healthy and much more free from risk of serious illness and death than it used to be, and that this phenomenal change has been particularly evident during recent years. You will naturally ask how this change has been brought about. The answer is that, thanks to some wonderful scientific discoveries, mankind already knows all the theoretical principles requisite for avoiding serious tropical diseases, for protecting himself against them, or for curing them if he is attacked; and, thanks to many inventions, he is quickly learning how best to apply these principles to his practical use. This is what is happening everywhere in the Tropics. Fundamental discoveries are made by medical men of various nationalities working in research laboratories and in the field in different parts of the world. Inventions for applying the lessons which they teach are the work of health officers, sanitary engineers, housing experts and educationists. Every now and then there is a new discovery or a new invention which helps on the good work. For example, as regards yellow fever, which is of all diseases the most dreaded, it was discovered a few years ago that when the causal virus of this disease is passed into monkeys, and then, by successive inoculations, through a large number of white mice, it becomes modified in such a way that it can be safely used for the purpose of immunising human beings against yellow fever. As a result, a procedure for protective vaccination against yellow fever has been worked out and brought into practical use. During the past two years it has been applied in London to more than two hundred persons before their departure for West Africa. Indeed this wonderful discovery of an effective vaccine for yellow fever is doing almost more than any other discovery of recent years to make the Tropics safe for the white man. During the researches which led to its discovery and practical application no fewer than thirty-four medical research workers in Africa, America and England contracted yellow fever and seven of them died, including Dr. Adrian Stokes of Guy's Hospital, who made the fundamental discovery which paved the way to the preparation of a vaccine. Of all these men it can truly be said that they gave their lives in the task of making Africa fit to live in. Since the introduction of the vaccine no laboratory accident has occurred. The inoculation not only ensures complete protection for the individual against yellow fever, but can be utilised for preventing the spread of yellow fever from one country to another. For example, as Mr. Julian Huxley told you last year in a talk on Yellow Fever and Modern Transport, there is a risk that yellow fever may be spread by aeroplane traffic. The risk is that a person who has been bitten by a yellow fever mosquito but has not yet begun to have symptoms of the dis-

ease, may fly by aeroplane to another country and develop yellow fever there. This risk would be eliminated by requiring that all air pilots and passengers from yellow fever countries should be vaccinated against yellow fever before departure. This and other arrangements for preventing the spread of yellow fever are embodied in an international agreement called 'The International Sanitary Convention for Aerial Navigation' to which most countries have agreed to adhere.

Another example of a new discovery which helps in the conquest of tropical diseases relates to the treatment of malaria. It is the discovery that anti-malarial remedies which promise to be more effective than the natural product, quinine, can be manufactured synthetically in the laboratory. In a talk on malaria last year I told you a little about this discovery, which is comparable in importance with the discovery that malaria is contracted by the bites of mosquitoes. One of these synthetic products, called atebrin, has already removed much of the fear which attaches to malignant malaria and black-water fever in Africa. Recent trials indicate that it may prove useful for preventive as well as for curative purposes.

As yet I have talked only on science and health in their relation to Europeans who live and work in Tropical Africa. Now I must try to tell you something of the subject as it affects the millions of people who are the indigenous inhabitants of the country. The humanitarian motive implied in the doctrine of trusteeship plays a large part in this aspect of health in Africa. What is aimed at is to deliver the weak and backward peoples of Africa from ceaseless tribal war, to suppress slavery and other barbarous practices, to bring peace and civilisation, and to raise the standard of living and general welfare and health by applying western science to all public services, educational, medical, agricultural and veterinary. It is a continuation of the so-called 'positive policy' with regard to backward African peoples which was initiated by David Livingstone and was taken up so courageously by missionary societies. It is a task in which medical and public health problems cannot be dealt with satisfactorily apart from problems of education, of agriculture and of social science and service in general. To accomplish any noteworthy advance in connection with it you have to think all round the subject, and round and round again. Suppose, for example, you thought only of malaria. Practically every native in Tropical Africa is afflicted with this disease. A method often recommended for getting rid of it is to kill the malaria-carrying mosquitoes by draining away the water in which they breed, or by pouring kerosene oil on their larvae while they are swimming about in the water. Now suppose a doctor, or an entomologist, were to go to the Chief of a native village in the centre of Africa and tell him that he thought of draining away all the water in the village or of pouring kerosene oil on it in order to get rid of mosquitoes and malaria. Well, I expect the Chief would tell him to go away and think again. Because in most African villages water is the most precious thing. Even to get enough for drinking purposes the inhabitants often have to go a long way to fetch it, and in native reserves, lack of water is usually the fundamental agricultural difficulty. So you see that in considering the health problem among the indigenous natives of Africa we have to think of many things in addition to protection against particular diseases. I cannot hope to do more here than give you a general idea of the magnitude of the problem, the difficulties with which it is beset, and the principles that are being followed in dealing with it. About its magnitude, I may say, in the first place, that apart altogether from malaria and yellow fever, the native inhabitants of Tropical Africa are afflicted with epidemic diseases such as yaws, plague, smallpox, relapsing fever, sleeping sickness and typhus, from which Europeans living in that country are usually free. In some years the deaths

reported from these diseases are numbered in thousands. For example, in Uganda alone an epidemic of sleeping sickness is said to have carried off one-tenth of the population, an epidemic of relapsing fever is said to have caused one hundred and twenty thousand deaths, and an epidemic of plague, five thousand deaths. Those three diseases, as well as malaria, yellow fever and typhus fever, are spread by insects. Tsetse flies are responsible for the spread of sleeping sickness, ticks for relapsing fever, rat-fleas for plague and lice for typhus fever. What is the poor African to do against all these insect foes armed with their deadly weapons of disease? In addition, what is to be done about tuberculosis, leprosy and other great social diseases, about hookworm and other intestinal parasites which are almost universally present, and about the problem of malnutrition and 'lack of proper balance of food' which is believed by some to be the root of all evil?

It is a big problem; and all the bigger because most of the peoples of Tropical Africa are primitive from every point of view. Their huts are little better than those of primitive man and so many of them are chronically undernourished and infected with worms and other parasites and diseases of all kinds that it has often been said that the inhabitants of some regions can never have known what health means. Moreover, their whole life is ruled by fears and superstitions and taboos, and one cannot gain their confidence and co-operation in health work unless great care is taken not to offend against their strange beliefs and local customs. They are very suspicious of any plan that is new and unfamiliar; and, for this reason, endeavours to impose upon them health measures of which the benefit is not immediately apparent usually end in disaster.

Therefore any system for safeguarding and promoting their health must be introduced circumspectly and with due regard to local prejudices. Before describing the methods by which the subject has been approached, let me mention briefly the European and native staff engaged in the task. It is proper, in the first place, to refer to the pioneer work of missionary societies in Africa. In Uganda, especially, the work of Sir Albert and Lady Cook and their devoted staff stands out as a shining example. Then, in 1902, an event of great importance occurred. Under the inspiring influence of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, as Secretary of State for the Colonies, the West African Medical Staff was created as a body of medical men and women recruited by the Colonial Office in England and specially trained in Tropical Medicine and Hygiene primarily for work among the natives of the country. Later, the East African Medical Service was created on the same lines. These services are the Government agency for extending the benefits of western medicine and public health to the African Continent. Their work is co-ordinated at the Colonial Office in London, where there is a Colonial Advisory Medical Committee whose members from time to time have opportunities of visiting particular parts of Africa to advise and report on special problems.

Now as regards the methods of approach. Natives of Africa in general are not very willing to bestir themselves about their health or to adopt modern sanitary practices, so the first object aimed at is to get them to understand and to appreciate the advantage of medical and sanitary arrangements established for their benefit. One of the things of which they appreciate the advantage is a medicine which cures a disease within a very short time. Officers of the African Medical Service sometimes have interesting experiences to relate on this subject. In Uganda, for example, a disfiguring disease called yaws is exceedingly prevalent. The natives have no remedy for it, so when it was decided to establish dispensaries in the country it was felt that a good method of gaining the confidence of the people would be to treat some cases of yaws by intravenous injections of salvarsan, which cures it very quickly. The local chiefs were very reluctant to arrange a trial of the treatment, and it seemed as if the project of opening dispensaries would have to be abandoned. One morning, however, the District Medical Officer found on his doorstep an old woman who had the disease in a severe form. Outside the garden of the house two native chiefs were waiting with their followers, so he guessed at once that they had brought the old woman in order that the treatment might be tried upon her. He took her into the hospital and with some difficulty gave her a dose of salvarsan intravenously. It cured her within a very few days, and she left the hospital to spread the good news. The result

was that the treatment of yaws by intravenous injections quickly became so popular that it was difficult to cope with the numbers of patients, and thereafter the native chiefs themselves took an active part in the establishment of dispensaries. The natives contribute liberally towards their upkeep, and they have become an integral part of village life. Equal success has attended the line of approach through the application of skilful surgery. Natives of Kenya have walked as far as eighty miles to have an operation performed, and it has happened that a Director of Medical Services in that Colony was offered one thousand cattle to allow a certain medical officer who was a skilful surgeon to remain in the district. The success that has attended the line of approach by curative medicine and surgery has led to the policy of providing, wherever possible, efficient medical and surgical relief by means of well-equipped and staffed hospitals supplemented by out-station dispensaries. What is aimed at is that there shall be a hospital or dispensary within reach of the native inhabitants of every district.

Now you may be beginning to wonder when I am going to tell you anything about the preventive aspect of science and health among the natives of Tropical Africa. Perhaps some of you have in mind the old tag, 'Prevention is better than cure'; or the more modern saying, 'If preventable why not prevented?' Well, the truth is that, in working for the health and general welfare of unenlightened peoples, it is hardly ever possible or desirable to draw a distinction between measures which are curative and measures which are preventive. To appreciate this one has to know something of the mode of life and mentality of the average native: his poverty, his ignorance, his fatalistic beliefs resulting in an almost complete disregard for future perils, his unwillingness to take the simplest measures against epidemic diseases, his procrastination when he agrees to do so and his active opposition to any measure involving personal inconvenience. Sometimes, of course, these failings are overcome by the dread of the devastating effects of a disease like smallpox. In that case vaccination is readily accepted, but, as a general rule, a native has to be convinced that some immediate material benefit will result before he can be got to take even the simplest preventive measures. For example, if it is a question of clearing away the domestic refuse and cowdung that is blocking the entrance to the enclosure round his house, what you have to do is to convince him that domestic refuse and cowdung are an excellent manure and that he will get better crops if he collects them from his house and puts them on his plot of maize. Similarly he will use sanitary methods of dairy farming if you can convince him that he will get a better price for clean milk and butter if he does so. To the agricultural peasant the economic argument is always an attractive appeal. For supplementing curative measures by preventive measures, that line of approach has led to the provision of medical officers who constantly tour their districts and come into intimate contact with the people in their homes. The spoken word of a medical officer who has gained the confidence of the natives has a great influence. When he arrives in a village he arranges to have a conference with the headman and elders of the Native District Council and to address a mass meeting of the villagers. This is usually held under a huge tree on what corresponds to the English village green. The medical officer gives an address to the crowd in their own language, and this is followed by demonstrations and conversational talks. A trained African assistant sitting on a soapbox, with a microscope on another soapbox in front of him, demonstrates specimens of worms, or malaria parasites or trypanosomes (the parasite that causes sleeping sickness) to anyone who wishes to see them. The villagers are told how these diseases can be cured and how some of them can be prevented by sanitary methods which they can take in their own houses and villages. Sometimes at these meetings comparison is made between health conditions in Africa and in other countries. The last time I attended one of these conferences in Africa I was asked to give my experiences of health conditions in India, where I have spent most of my life. After what I said had been translated, the Chief complimented me by presenting me with a live sheep. I did not know what to do with a live sheep and was a little embarrassed to know how to return the compliment. Fortunately I happened to think of the little gold compass that was hanging from my watchchain, so I took it off and gave it to him. I often wonder if it has helped him to find his way through darkest Africa.

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns.

Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a nom-de-plume

Typography and the Typewriter

Can you persuade the makers of typewriters to take notice of the improvement in the general standard of typography since typewriters were first put on the market? Have they never heard of Edward Johnston, Eric Gill, Rogers, Morison? I cannot see why they compel us to put up with ugly lettering, be-seriffed and right-angled, squash-curved and clumsy, looking as if it had been hastily assembled and screwed together. A good letter costs no more than a bad one, and it should not be difficult to introduce a type that is good to look at, strong and simple, and representative of our achievements in typography. If the British makers do not take the initiative in this, they are losing a great opportunity of stealing a march on the American makers.

Berkhamsted

LL. WYN GRIFFITH

Religious Pictures for Children

The interest always shown by THE LISTENER in the question of training taste, etc., is my justification for addressing this letter to you. I went the other day to an exhibition of Portraits of Christ, arranged by the Council of Christian Education, in direct response to an appeal which appeared in the Press last year over the signatures of a number of ministers of several denominations, and of headmasters and headmistresses. The writers had deplored pictures of Christ which suggest 'that He was effeminate or weak', and agreed that 'too many of the pictures in use in illustrated Bibles and Prayer-books, in gift-books and in lantern slides, reflect a sentimentalism that is not only bad artistically, but which suggests a false idea of Our Lord'. I therefore entered the Exhibition prepared to welcome a stand against the customary vicious practice of enlisting a child's interest in religion at the expense of his eye: what in fact I found was all that the letter most deplored. The chief exhibitors were the publishers of religious books. At their best, what they showed could claim to be, artistically, no more than honest, if uninspired, illustrations—like William Hole's; at their worst, they were the sickly, sentimental, and artistically negligible productions that most of us have encountered with shudders in the bedrooms of seaside lodgings. An honourable exception among the exhibitors was the Challenge Bookshop; but that chiefly because many of its exhibits (although they included about the only respectable contemporary work—some German woodcuts and a Viennese school-child's drawing) were reproductions or photographs of old masters. That of Titian's St. Christopher was a cruel commentary on the other St. Christopher's exhibited: while that of El Greco's 'Agony in the Garden' must, I imagine, have seemed in very doubtful taste to those who enjoyed the exhibition as a whole, so obviously out of keeping was its fearful ecstasy with the prevailing tone of sloppy emotionalism.

The appeal referred to above stressed the need of modern artists producing pictures of Christ, in keeping with the spirit of the age. But we must remember that Western Europe as a whole has produced no great religious art since the seventeenth century. It may therefore be useless to expect our best contemporary artists to produce religious pictures: but that is surely no reason for encouraging our worst to do so. It would surely be far better to fall back on the stores of existing pictures—whose wealth and variety would probably astonish the teachers and parents for whom the exhibition was arranged. The British Museum, for instance, has lately issued a shilling series of twelve postcards of Portraits of Christ; and some of the Victoria and Albert Museum sixpenny picture-books—such as *English Mediæval Wall Paintings* or *English Alabaster Carvings*—have plenty of material that would interest children (some of their incidental detail is charming) without doing any damage to their sense of line or colour or form.

If this were simply an ordinary exhibition of religious pictures, one could deplore, and pass on; but when it is a direct answer to an appeal for good religious pictures, when it is opened by people of the standing of Miss Royden and Sir Wilfred Grenfell—then it becomes imperative to point out how it fails in its function. The obvious remedy would be to allow a trained eye at least as much say in the selection of the pictures as a religious enthusiasm. If, say, a person like Miss Marion

Richardson (inspector of art for the L.C.C.) had been called in to help select—and I would dearly like to know her opinion on this show—I feel sure that 90 per cent. of the exhibits would have been refused, and the exhibition would, therefore, though meagre, have done something to substantiate the principles of the appeal.

London, W.11

ADAM WRIGHT

Whither Britain?

In your issue of March 7 Viscountess Rhondda says that in a Britain fit to live in economic war must have been banished. To my mind, that sentence alone makes the whole article not worth bothering about, as it is an absurd idea. Every greengrocer's shop, or any other shop, is waging economic war against its competitors; every engineer, every merchant, and every country is waging economic war against competitors. How can it be stopped?

Longridge

G. C. LIEBERT

To attain what Mr. Michael Roberts desires would require a wholesale reform of the present educational system. Democracy, he states, depends on the capacity of the teacher to develop the power of detached judgment. Under the present system of 'payment by results'—for that is what it is, despite the denials of authorities and the trend of pedagogic thought—to attempt to give full play to reasoning ability would be suicidal to the teachers concerned. Inspectors and the powers-that-be look for results in subjects which they can measure, not for self-reliance and the ability of children to reason things out for themselves. This is even more marked in secondary schools than in elementary, where the examination fetish hangs over them like Damocles' sword. Besides, the training of these qualities is well-nigh impossible where classes contain over thirty children, for they require an exceptional amount of personal contact of teacher with child. What chance has the teacher with classes of over fifty, and sometimes even more than sixty, children? I say this to mitigate somewhat the charge of cynicism which Mr. Roberts lays against the many disillusioned school teachers. Taken on the whole, the certificated teacher is quite capable of getting the utmost out of his children. He has never been given a proper chance.

The future does indeed lie with education, and in great measure on the impartial study of history in relation to present-day affairs. A good beginning would be a thorough investigation of the history books in existence in schools and the scrapping of all those which are tainted with jingoism and tub-thumping praise of all our noble and patriotic wars. There would be few left. Before the child leaves school he should at least understand the points of view of the different peoples of the world, what the conditions are in our own country, national and local, and have an appreciation of what is good and bad in the Press.

But we shall get no further while education is ruled by scions of nobility and the products of public schools who are bent on maintaining an order based on ignorance rather than on knowledge, who cannot understand why the school age should be raised, who maintain that they see no reason why a teacher shall not take a class of fifty as efficiently as forty, and who begrudge every penny spent upon it. Nor shall we progress very far while the school teacher's tongue is tied against the truth which can be so easily misrepresented as Socialism or Communism.

Birmingham

SCHOOL TEACHER

G. B. S. and the Unfit

G.B.S. is a not-so-minor deity, and so his worshippers can now translate his message without troubling much about what G.B.S. says or does. His suggestion that the unfit should be humanely slaughtered I have seen interpreted as a sort of symbolism, and also—by Mr. Sean O'Casey—without frills. Does this philosophic ruthlessness mean that the most likely alternative to Communist culture, Roman Catholicism, has gained some political advantage by professing a sentimental interest in the weak and ill-used? If that is so, I suppose the only thing for clever, far-seeing people to do is to demand the destruction of the unfit. Still, as a sick man myself, I might point out to other

passengers that it is generally the unfortunate and courageous people, the stuff of drama, who become ill or maimed. But I'm not pleading for any particular parasite: I'm merely suggesting that big fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em.

West Wickham

CHARLES OXFORD

Jews and German Literature

Your contributor Mr. Gardiner, when reviewing the works of Wassermann and Ernst Toller, makes a wholesale denunciation of all the prominent German Jewish writers whose names arise in the minds of non-Germans as soon as German literature is mentioned. He accuses them of 'knowing no shame' in their analysis of persons and events, apparently oblivious of the fact that such is the characteristic mark of all modern literature. It is not because of their sensationalism, as he suggests, that Jewish writers represent German literature abroad, but because of their universality and their internationalism. These qualities mark the works of many French writers who are not Jewish, and therefore modern French literature is known to English readers predominantly through non-Jewish writers. The pure German writers whom Mr. Gardiner mentions are totally unknown outside the German borders, and the reason for that is obvious. These 'diviners of truth' with their 'innately aristocratic literature' speak a language which is only sympathetic to the nationalist German. They have succeeded in inflaming the nationalist sentiment which has resulted in the Nazi regime. They have produced a ferment of hatred in the German people which must inevitably lead to war.

Hendon

J. BLACK

Professor Banse's German War Writings

Your excellent review by Mr. Wheeler Bennett has drawn attention to Professor Banse's book in the English translation, *Germany Prepare for War*. For those who want to supplement the reading of this book, or who may not have access to it, may I commend a small publication based on a comprehensive study of the later books and writings of Professor Banse. It is entitled *The Military Science of Professor Banse* and is introduced by a preface from Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond. This study has been described as the most comprehensive and objective which has yet appeared in the English language. It can be obtained for 2½d. post free on application to the Secretary, Friends of Europe, 97 St. Stephen's House, Westminster, London, S.W. 1.

London, S.W. 18

RENNIE SMITH

The Church in Action

The interesting broadcast by the Rev. W. Hutchinson, published in THE LISTENER of February 21, suggests that the great mission of the Church today is the prevention of war. It is a stupendous task. But no less difficult probably did abolition appear to the champions of freedom a century ago, when Wilberforce fought the slave trade with all the forces of prejudice and vested interests against him. The resolution of the Anglican Bishops that 'war as a means of settling disputes is incompatible with Christianity' and the Archbishop of Canterbury's broadcast at the New Year, pleading for the support of the League of Nations, have given the lead. It is up to the clergy everywhere, in country and town, to take up the challenge, strengthen public opinion for the League, and show the world once more what 'the Church in action' can do. The League of Nations has made several efforts to close 'the gap in the Covenant' which allows resort to war when arbitration has failed to conciliate rival nations. But the Optional Clause, the General Act, and the Kellogg Pact have all failed so far in this objective. It remains for the Church to create that enthusiasm for peace and justice, and that atmosphere of conciliation in which Governments may effect disarmament, and the League's future efforts may be crowned with success.

London, N.W.11

EMMA A. FANCOURT

Inquiry Into the Unknown

The logical answer for which your correspondent Mary L. Pendered (Wellingborough) craves is that there are levels of awareness of which the conscious mind, busy with the affairs of day to day, takes no cognisance. It is not a very rash statement to say that for every effect there is a cause, and that no single action taken by a human being is ever without some initial stimulus from within or without. Therefore it follows that the course of action of a human being is predictable according to one's knowledge of the various stimuli he is to encounter, and of his response to the influences to which he will be subjected.

If it be granted, apart from all questions of Fate and Destiny,

that the course of human affairs is shaped by the interaction of influences and interests, the argument is that the future therefore exists, and that if one had adequate knowledge of all the influences and interests affecting a certain course of action one could predict the successive events with accuracy; but whether one has this knowledge or not, the future shaping itself according to the factors operating at a given moment is, as it were, flowing towards one like a stream. It is in the cognition of this flow that the subconscious mind surpasses the conscious mind, just as the X-rays which see through a wooden door surpass the human sight which must wait for the door to open to see what is beyond.

Of course it is illogical to blame the Germans for sinking the *Lusitania*. They acted under certain stimuli, and to condemn them in the light of present knowledge is as futile as to lament the death of those many unfortunate Englishmen who died long ago for, say, stealing sheep.

Sheffield

CYRIL A. KAYE

The letter under this heading which appeared in last week's LISTENER raises an extremely interesting point, namely, the compatibility of freewill and precognition. When we view the matter from the point of view of Christian eschatology, there seems to be no escape from the conclusion that the divine foreknowledge and the freedom of the human will are not mutually antagonistic. The Old Testament prophets, under divine inspiration, foretold the sufferings of the great Messiah; but would anyone presume to exculpate the chief actors in the Crucifixion merely on the ground that they were fulfilling what had been predicted?

Westcliff-on-Sea

LOUIS PARK

Fire-Walking

May I, as one who has been brought from agnosticism to belief in Christian teaching by psychic experience, ask the question, what is the difference between the countless authentic cases of fire-walking and the well-known Biblical example of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego? Surely the Bible is crammed full of all sorts of such instances for which current psychical research holds complete parallels.

Surbiton

J. D. HOSSACK

Cultural Achievements of Japan

In THE LISTENER of March 7 (page 396) the statement is made that the Japanese feudal system was 'comparable to the feudalism of mediæval Europe, except that in artistic and cultural achievements Japan was far in advance of anything that mediæval Europe ever produced'. If by the words 'artistic and cultural' the speaker means what is ordinarily meant and what listeners take them to mean, the statement is entirely untrue. There are many who would doubtless be willing and able to refute it; in any case it should not be broadcast unchallenged, as by its looseness and inaccuracy it impairs the value of an otherwise most interesting address.

Godden Green

C. R. ASHBEE

'The King's Tryall'

It may lend especially both to the value and interest of the correspondence under the above heading to have here the opinion and judgment of a learned foreigner, as well as an anti-Stewart, historian, M. Guizot, concerning Cromwell (*History of Oliver Cromwell and the English Commonwealth*, translated in two volumes, 1854). 'I have now to relate,' M. Guizot says, 'the vain efforts of a revolutionary assembly to found a republic; and to describe the ever-trotting, but strong and glorious government of a revolutionary despot, whose bold and prudent genius commands our admiration, although he attacked and destroyed, first legal order, and then liberty, in his native land'. And M. Guizot ends his description of Cromwell in part as follows: 'He was unwilling not only to die, but also, and most of all, to die without having attained his real and final object. . . . Weary of the ruin he had caused, it was his cherished wish to restore to his country a regular and stable government . . . a monarchy under the control of Parliament. And at the same time, with an ambition which extended beyond the grave . . . he aspired to leave his name and race in possession of the throne'. M. Guizot (Vol. I, page 245) quotes what the Venetian Ambassador, Giovanni Sagredo, who had come to London from Paris, wrote on October 6, 1656, concerning the aspect of England which was so very different from that of France. In a word, 'everything here is full of disdain, suspicion and rough menacing faces [i.e., of cavalry and infantry]. . . . King Charles was too good for such bad times. Cromwell has expelled the Parliament; he speaks and he alone; he has the authority of a king, though he has not the name'.

Abergavenny

JOHN G. HALL

Whither Britain?—XI

(Continued from page 468)

for the children even the necessities. Even assuming that the numbers of the workless diminish steadily during the next two years, then by the end of the lifetime of this Parliament, we shall have to spend at least another £150 millions on sustenance—that is, £1,250 millions in all. What shall we have to show for this colossal expenditure? Nothing but demoralisation and disaffection. Supposing £1,000 millions out of this sum had been spent on providing work, there would have been still £250 millions to supply food and other essentials for those who could not be immediately absorbed. What could you not have accomplished with this £1,000 millions, in the way of useful work? We could have cleansed the land of the infamy of the slums. By today the slums would have disappeared entirely from our towns and our cities and also from our villages. We could have done more. We could have swept away many, if not most, of the mean streets which, without being actually slums, make those areas in which the majority of our industrial population dwell hideous, dingy and squalid—odious to the sight, depressing to the spirit, ultimately injurious to the health of the people who dwell in them. They constitute an increasing source of danger to society, for they engender and foster the germs of disaffection! If we had expended a part of this £1,000 millions in rebuilding, or better still in transferring to the outskirts of the town—the dwelling-places of our industrial workers, the greater part of the social affliction and menace of the mean streets would have been in process of being eliminated. We could also have improved our transport facilities in railways by electrification and otherwise, and in roads, docks and canals. We could have brought our telephone system up to the level of our commercial rivals. We could have regenerated the countryside. We should have contributed magnificently to improving the amenities and the proficiencies of the country. You would have had a different, a better equipped, a healthier and a sightlier Britain. Above all, you would have avoided the disastrous demoralisation of our people, especially of our youth, through worklessness.

Resources of Our Soil

Now I come to the second part of the problem—the solution of our post-War problem of chronic unemployment of an exceptional character by providing permanent employment for the whole of our population. How could we have done that? The most hopeful method that has always occurred to me has been the better utilisation of the resources of our soil. There is no better soil in Europe. There are no markets for its products comparable to ours. Still, there are only 6.8 per cent. of our population employed on the land.

What about other countries? If you take the country with the next lowest percentage, Belgium, which just like our country is highly industrialised, the proportion employed in the cultivation of the land there is three times that of Great Britain. Germany has over four times our percentage. France has between six and seven times our proportion, and the U.S.A. has four times as many as we have in proportion to its population. If we had the same percentage of people on the soil as the next lowest country, we should in a few years have absorbed all the chronic unemployment which is one of the most terrible of our economic problems, and this minimum of a million would have been employed in the healthiest of all occupations, where they could bring up their children in the most vitalising surroundings, instead of rearing them in the fetid atmosphere of our overcrowded industrial towns. The work of reclamation of waste lands, of the drainage of waterlogged land, of the reconditioning of the millions of acres of neglected and under-cultivated land, of the repair and adaptation to modern conditions of farm buildings, of the afforestation of land suitable for timber and perhaps for nothing else, of the training of our youth for land settlement and rural industries, would provide for years a great deal of work which would re-equip and enrich the country. On land thus improved by judicious public expenditure you could settle permanently hundreds of thousands of families who would earn an assured sustenance for themselves and provide abundance of fresh and nourishing food for the rest of the community. This country possesses the means which will enable it to carry out the whole of this programme. It has greater financial reserves than any in Europe. It has

money by the hundreds of millions lying idle in its banks, because they cannot find investment for that money which would be both profitable and safe. It can afford to invest that idle surplus in the development of our resources at home, but it cannot very much longer afford to neglect doing so. It is obviously better it should spend its money in providing useful work than in maintaining millions in enforced idleness. In opening out the riches of her soil, Britain has the advantage that there is a market for the yield within easy reach of the fields. Last year, in spite of all restrictions and embargoes, we bought from across the seas at existing low prices over £200 millions of agricultural produce, more than half of which our own soil could produce. I am not counting wheat in this computation, for we could not possibly produce in this country the grain that is necessary for our bread and feeding stuffs. I include butter, cheese, meat, vegetables, poultry, eggs, fruit. Where can you produce better? Where have you a readier market? I know from my own experience on the land during the last few years what can be done in increasing the yield of comparatively second-rate soil and in providing increased employment by that means. I am convinced that by employing the necessary capital in reconditioning and equipment—by utilising the valuable scientific discoveries and inventions of the past 30 or 40 years, if they are supplemented by an efficient marketing system—the number who could be profitably employed on the soil and in ancillary industries could be doubled. In my case it has been multiplied more than fourfold.

The Ebb Will Inevitably Follow the Tide

I hope we are not going to be deluded by the present trade recovery into believing that our difficulties will now be solved for us, without any further effort on our own part, by the returning tide of prosperity. When that has reached its height, we shall still have that stubborn million left on the strand. And the ebb will inevitably follow the tide. And that million will again become two. I hope it stops there. One of the greatest obstacles in the way of rousing public opinion to the point of insistence on timely action lies in the fact that those who are most responsible for forming and guiding public opinion, and for planning and initiating action, live in an area which has suffered least from unemployment. The great Press of Britain is mostly directed, written and printed in London. Ministers and Members of Parliament have to sit in London to do their work. The civil servants occupy London offices, and London for special reasons has suffered less from the depression than any other great city in this kingdom. One reason is that there has been a remarkable movement of great industries from the north down to the south, and the Port of London has profited largely by that migration. But take the rest of the ports of the country, with the one exception of Southampton, which has also benefited by the same movement. They all tell the same tale of unparalleled desolation. London has an unemployed register of about 10 per cent., Newcastle has 25 per cent., Cardiff 29 per cent., Swansea 32 per cent., Liverpool 29 per cent., Glasgow 31 per cent. Hull has more than twice the unemployment of London.

The same thing applies to the cotton and coal districts. Lancashire has an unemployment of 21.8 per cent. Durham, Glamorganshire and Monmouthshire have nearly 2 out of every 5 of their workers unemployed.

If editors were sent for six months for a succession of visits to each of these depressed areas and had to write their leading articles during their stay, we should not be cloyed with sticks of sweet optimism! We should have the bitter facts. If Parliament had to sit in turn in Durham, Liverpool, Glasgow, Newcastle, Cardiff, and carried Ministers along with it, we should long ago have had measures which indicated a comprehension of the despair which unemployment has created during the last twelve years, and of the ravages of its canker.

I have not been concerned with arguments about the comparative advantages of capitalism and national ownership, or individualism and socialism. I am more intent on examining the ground thoroughly and proceeding experimentally, not hesitating to try expedients which have no precedents, nor to discard experiments which do not succeed, and try others, until at last we reach the system best adapted to our national conditions and also to our national characteristics.

Films and Wireless in Schools

SPEAKING to the North Essex Educational Fellowship at Saffron Walden on March 3, Mr. H. Ramsbotham, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education, made important references to the educational value of films and broadcasting in connection with the reorganisation of schools which is proceeding under the Hadow scheme. 'We ought', said Mr. Ramsbotham, 'to be thinking very carefully how best to make use of the cinema and the wireless as instruments of teaching. I find it extremely difficult to determine the part that they should play, and I do not profess to have found any definite opinions on the matter. In fact I have only begun to explore the fringe of it. But I propose to make one or two brief observations about it in the hope that they may stimulate you to give further consideration to the subject.'

First let me deal with the cinema.

I think we can consider the educational value of the moving picture under two headings: (1) as instruction; (2) as illumination.

Instruction is perhaps the most obvious use of it, and I think that mechanical and scientific processes can be illustrated by means of the film better than by any text-book, and information imparted which it would be difficult to convey as fully or as quickly by any other method.

But illumination is to my mind more important. None of us has really been taught to use our eyes sufficiently. We have learnt more by reading than by looking and we prefer the written page to the moving thing. But by means of the film we can do a great deal to stimulate the power of visual perception. I only wish that I could have been taught geography with the help of the moving picture.

I think it could be equally useful in the teaching of history. Really to understand anything about a bygone age requires a considerable effort of imagination. To appreciate the importance of great events it is a great assistance to be able to visualise their setting and their background. I feel that a good historical film cannot fail to bring home to the children the significance of the period they are studying. It is bound to make it much more real to see the men and women that they read about playing their parts on the screen before their very eyes.

I am inclined to think that the silent film is better for the purpose of teaching than the 'talkie'. It is likely to be a more satisfactory representation of the time, for I think it must be a good deal easier to give a reasonably good picture of the people of a past age than to reproduce accurately their speech and their opinions. So it seems to me to be best for the teacher to be the talkie.

Of course it will be a considerable time before many of our schools have their own cinemas, but we ought to begin thinking about the methods of employing the film for teaching, for it is already possible, as was done recently in Glasgow, to make use of cinema halls in the morning for the purpose of giving lessons in history to the schoolchildren. There must be many places in the country where that could be done and I have no doubt that the new British Film Institute would give its advice and assistance in that direction.

I am not going to say anything about the effect of the cinema generally upon children. Some people are very much disturbed by its possible influence, and there are certainly a good many films which have no educational value whatever. But on the whole I think the children take very little harm from 'the pictures', and when I hear gloomy forebodings of the dire result that may be anticipated when boys and girls go to see a 'gangster' film, I remember that the same sort of forebodings were uttered by Dr. Johnson about 'The Beggar's Opera', though he confessed that he did not believe that any man was ever made a rogue by being present at its representation.

Like the cinema, I do not think that the use of broadcasting as an educational instrument will be found mainly in the sphere of instruction. The broadcaster can neither see nor be seen by his audience (though television may some day make it possible). He can have no idea of the response to his lessons and so he cannot, like a teacher, adjust his pace or deal with individuals, or be asked questions.

But education does not consist only of learning and doing. There is a place for appreciation, for the quiet or, it may be, the exciting reception of experience and achievement. Broadcasting can bring to schools remote experiences, lively enthusiasm, and unique personalities which but a few years ago were only available to a few privileged individuals.

So it is possible for the schoolchild in the course of establishing relations with the world outside himself to enjoy and be influenced by new worlds very far removed from his own.

I expect that there will be evolved a special technique in school broadcasting different from the technique of ordinary

class instruction and from broadcasting in general. If so, it occurs to me to ask whether there is an age below which children will not be responsive to broadcasting as an educational medium. How old must children normally be before they can be expected to listen intelligently to a voice unaccompanied by a physical presence with all that that means to a very young child, and how long a broadcast talk can children of different ages sustain? Lessons of a certain length are possible and profitable only because the teacher is there engaging his pupils with his eye, facial expression, and movement. But a voice, a mere voice, charm it never so wisely, is another matter.

I expect we shall find that the broadcast lesson or talk must be short. I think it must either aim at being a work of art complete in itself, or, and this applies particularly to the older children, must endeavour to provoke their critical faculties and introduce an element of controversy as a stimulus to progressive thinking.

But whether it is short or long, complete as a work of art or incomplete, a stimulus or a soporific, the broadcast talk is useless unless it can be properly heard. I hesitate to recommend the purchase of expensive wireless sets and so forth, but a good deal more could be done by maintaining in decent order the sets that the schools have. Perhaps local authorities may find it possible to enlist the services of the B.B.C. in order to improve the receptive qualities of the sets in the schools in their respective areas. But in any event, whatever we conclude the place of the cinema and broadcasting to be in our educational system, we can say with confidence that they can never take the place of the teacher. No mechanical device or artifice can supplant personal contact, the influence of one human being upon another'.

Films Worth Seeing

In his talk on March 14, Mr. Oliver Baldwin recommended the following films:

THE CONSTANT NYMPH (British)—'directed by Basil Dean. The story is good, the dialogue entirely natural, the acting quite perfect. It has a lovely setting in the Tyrol, and it is a lovely story. The portrait Victoria Hopper gives of a schoolgirl verging on womanhood is really beautiful. Brian Aherne makes the lover an extremely natural, attractive, and true-to-type figure. For all those people who would like a breath of the unconventional, and love a bit of youthful romance, I heartily recommend "The Constant Nymph".'

MY WEAKNESS (American)—'is interesting as an experiment, but is not the success it should have been. The director is David Butler, who imitates René Clair in some places, and produces a charming little song called "Be Careful", which is sung by a collection of China ornaments. Apart from that, all there is left is an attempt by Lew Ayres at making a fashionable society woman out of Lilian Harvey, who plays the part of his uncle's servant'. **T**HREE CORNERED MOON (American)—'deals in a delightfully bright and humorous way with the difficulties that overtake a well-to-do family in New York, when they suddenly lose all their money. Mary Boland's fatuous kind of actions under tragic circumstances are perfectly delightful. Richard Arlen plays the part of the young doctor who comes as a lodger and is the only financial contributor to this family of boys and girls. Claudette Colbert, who is in love with a young man who talks a lot about art, is extremely selfish, eventually throws him off and falls for the lodger. The dialogue is very good and bright, and Elliot Nugent directs the picture extremely well'.

LADY FOR A DAY (American)—'stars May Robson, who plays the part of an old apple-woman selling her fruit on the side-walks of New York. She has a daughter who does not know how her mother earns her living. One day Apple Annie hears that her daughter is coming back to New York with a foreign Count as her prospective husband, whereupon she is thrown into a state of terror lest her daughter should find her selling apples. A gangster leader who has bought many an apple from her receives her confidences and determines to help Annie to get over the difficulty. How they do that you must find out for yourselves and you will have your fill of comedy and pathos if you see this picture, ably directed by Frank Capra'.

MORNING GLORY (American)—'is the picture that made Katherine Hepburn famous. Adolphe Menjou and Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, are the other two stars. The theme of the story is very well worn—the stage-struck girl and her departure for New York, where fame and fortune await her. Of course, things do not turn out as easily as all that to start with, but you will be quite right if you imagine that they lived happily ever after'.

Books and Authors

The Riddle of Sir Evelyn Wrench

Uphill: the First Stage of a Strenuous Life. By Sir Evelyn Wrench. Nicholson and Watson. 8s. 6d.

Reviewed by **TOM CLARKE**

SIR EVELYN WRENCH in this book tells a self-revealing story of his first thirty years. He explains himself, idealistically it may seem, to many of us to whom he has been a riddle. His book is colourful and interesting because it is a good story, and because it is a helpful illumination of the struggle for life's adjustments when ideals clash with career.

Fifty-two years ago Wrench was born in Fermanagh. In his early Irish background we find the key to his love of argument and his desire to convert others to his point of view. Eton in the opulent 'nineties set its mould on him. There were visits to London, too. He met lords and maharajahs and enjoyed the flowing tide of social affairs. His frailty of health turned out to be of good account, for it meant holiday travel in his 'teens in places like Russia and Turkey and Germany. He first saw the value of personal contact between peoples. He became interested in world affairs. He pictured himself as the future British Ambassador in Paris. The British Empire became his dominant passion. So he came away from Eton, having 'learnt good manners and how to get on with other people', and to keep unfastened the bottom button of his waistcoat.

But instead of going on ambassadorial paths he began to sell picture postcards. He had observed the postcard craze in Germany. Why not exploit it in England?

I had often read about young men who struck out for themselves. Why should I not do something spectacular? Start a business and make sufficient money to go into Parliament and become the great expert on Empire makers? I would publish the best series of postcards in England. The men who made fortunes were the men who catered for the million. . . . We went to Westminster Abbey. I prayed that success might crown my efforts.

That prayer was certainly answered at first. By the time he was twenty-one this lad of genteel upbringings had pushed himself into the limelight of trade as the 'Postcard King', selling £4,000-worth of postcards a month. The story of how he did it gives us some of the best living chapters in the book. From his office at 20 Haymarket he would set out with his samples to trudge London in search of customers. He lunched at the A.B.C. marble-topped tables. He got a bicycle to help him better in this touting for orders. He was clerk and canvasser in one:

Ever since those days I have had a great sympathy with commercial travellers. No one who has not been 'on the road' can understand the trials of a salesman. . . . Providence could not have discovered a better training for an Etonian who had enjoyed luxury and who had kind and indulgent parents. If I had my way every public-schoolboy would have a year's training in commercial life as office boy and then as a junior commercial traveller.

As his dream of success came true he 'no longer bicycled to the office. I used to take the dark green Express City Atlas, the seal of the successful business man. The minimum fare was sixpence'. He employed 100 hands. He was 'good copy' for the newspapers, this boy who had 'wrested fortune from a simple idea'. He was just the sort of prodigy to appeal to the fast-rising Northcliffe (then Alfred Harmsworth, aged thirty-eight) and a 'command' article about him appeared on the famous 'Page Four' of the *Daily Mail*.

But the storm clouds began to gather. Wrench's postcard career turned from success to failure. That is too long a story to tell here.

Eight months after being hailed as a business prodigy I was a failure. No one bothered about me. No more press interviews or pictures of myself in the illustrated papers. . . . I came down with a wallop. High finance had been too much for me. . . . Thirty years after I know that my postcard failure was the best thing that ever happened to me. The egoist must be chiselled.

There was one bright spot in those dark days. Whoever else had ceased to 'bother about him', the future Northcliffe had not. He took Wrench into his business as confidential secretary, and later in that year (1904) made him editor, at twenty-one, of the overseas edition of the *Daily Mail*. . . .

There is much (but more would have been welcome) in his book about his twelve years' association with that great, striding newspaper genius Northcliffe. Wrench was really the pioneer of his type to invade popular journalism. He was the first of the 'nice young men' of the poised public-school, good family breed with whom the ever youthful-minded Northcliffe loved to surround himself. His picture of Northcliffe is critical but not unkindly. He finds that the key to Northcliffe's success was

his immense power of concentration; though Northcliffe told him the only thing that mattered was health.

There is one amusing story illustrating Northcliffe's way of 'testing my young men by giving them impossible jobs to do, to see what kind of stuff they are made of'. There had been an article by Marie Corelli about 'The Sorrows of a Millionaire'. Northcliffe told Wrench to put on a top hat and fur coat and take his car to hunt up a few millionaires and get their confessions on the burden of riches. Among his captures was Lord Rothschild:

My top hat, my fur coat, the smart car, produced their effect. By insisting that my message was for Lord Rothschild and no subordinate I finally bluffed my way into the partners' room. Lord Rothschild was seated at the head of the boardroom table. Round him were gathered his associates who held the financial destinies of Christendom in their hands. Lord Rothschild bowed me into the seat at his side. Summoning up my courage, I shouted at him, for he was deaf, 'Oh, Lord Rothschild, we want your views on the subject of the sorrows of a millionaire'. What exactly happened I cannot remember, but in an incredibly short time I found myself sunk in the cushions of Northcliffe's car.

Wrench was changing. The 'dominant passion' of his youth, the Empire, would not be denied. He founded the Overseas League, not in the 'jingo' spirit, but with a real democratic Commonwealth in view. During missions to the Continent, to the United States and to the Dominions, he began to see that his main life's work lay outside the commercial sphere. 'Ideals were now beginning to flicker in the dark chamber of my soul':

The scales fell from my eyes. I stood outside my former self, the business organiser, the careerist. I vowed I would devote my life to great causes—to the Empire, to my fellows.

He left Northcliffe. ('He could not have foreseen my changed outlook.') In his last year with the firm he made just on £5,000. Sir Evelyn has yet to tell us the fuller story of his readjustment to life, of how his ideal of Imperial unity broadened to one of English-speaking unity and the foundation of the English-Speaking Union; and, in these later days, to 'world unity' and the inauguration of the All Peoples' Association.

He now describes himself as a 'world patriot'. One valuable lesson of the book is that a man can be that and still be an enthusiast for the British Empire.

Chant for the Living

(*Die Philosophen haben die Welt nur verschieden interpretiert, es kommt aber darauf an, sie zu verändern*)

We sing of building, we run on the sands towards you
and our ship is borne on staves upon our shoulders.
Our yellow heels beat thundering on the planks of the earth.
We lift our heads, and the stone walls of our mouths
are sonorous with the presages of victory.

(With trembling hands covering the ears, what pale men are
these,
who dare not hear our song?)

We sing of building, our chant rejoices the wasted world.
The hairs of the earth stand on end;
there is a dancing of wool.
Our song goes down great slopes toward the trees
and all the leaves of the earth leap in their hiding-places.
(What people are these who murmur plaintive words of
distance
with withered mouths that flutter like moths in snow?)

We sing of building. The lines of our hands
shall map for us the ways of this new world.
And the sea which invests the diver with grace
and the proud earth bearing on its breast the insignia of our
cranes

shall be a servant and a source for us
whose limbs are strong and agile.
(But how can they work, how survive, whose hands
are paralysed in the genteel pose of a dying breed?)

ALBERT LANCASTER LLOYD

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Fox-Hunting. By J. R. Young. Longmans. 3s. 6d.

THIS IS A BOOK for both those who know about hunting and those who do not, for those who see a country between a horse's ears, and for those who pursue the fox in their arm-chairs. It is extraordinary what a lot of various material Miss Young gets into her lightly and pleasantly written pages: there is something about the literature of hunting, about its history, about its famous figures, and at the end a delightful chapter on 'A Perfect Day'. This does not pretend to be a guide to hunting. It gives no kind of instruction, which is as well, though it might be wished that Miss Young had said something about the huntsman's craft; but for that we can always go to Lord Willoughby de Broke's *Hunting the Fox*, which ought surely to have been included in the otherwise satisfactory brief bibliography. Miss Young obviously knows all about it; every word has the real ring, and what finally gives us confidence is her description of the perfect hunt. She very properly scorns—though she agrees that other people may enjoy what they like—those who motor to the meet, get up on an expensive horse, gallop for an hour over a fly country, and then motor home. What she approves of, and so does everyone who really knows the joys of hunting, is a man who will hack to the meet on his thirty-guinea horse which he has to nurse across country and help at his fences, who is eager to watch hound-work, and who knows that to keep with hounds he has to do some thinking, and at the end jogs his horse home, leading it when and where necessary.

One feels once more after reading this book that it will be a thousand pities if hunting dies out: if there is one sport which calls for the qualities of courage, toleration, sympathy, for intimate knowledge of the countryside and its animals, and which breaks down all class barriers, it is fox-hunting. It will be a sad day when people cease to ride, and if hunting goes there will be little incentive to do it. Both Miss Young and Earl Winterton, who contributes the foreword, deal with the question of cruelty, and one wishes that for this alone all humanitarians would read this book. All those who love hunting should certainly get it; it will go on their shelves with Surtees, Nimrod, and Beckford: and one would like to urge all those who know nothing about it to get it too, because whatever may be said, hunting is a part of our English heritage, and is connected with that closeness to nature from which springs that odd, illogical commonsense which makes the Englishman such a baffling and irritating creature to the foreigner.

The Life of Emerson. By Van Wyck Brooks.

Dent. 10s. 6d.

The suggestion of the publisher of this biography, that it is 'high time' for the work of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks 'to be introduced to British readers', does seem, however commendable, a little misplaced in view of the fact that not only have at least seven of his books been issued in this country between 1909 and 1928, but that even in regard to the present volume itself, fully a third reappears, practically unchanged, from the pages of the author's *Emerson and Others*, published by Messrs. Cape in 1927. Still, to record this protest is not to deny Mr. Brooks' high place among American critics, nor even that this *Life of Emerson* may be 'probably his most important work', though to some it may not seem so at a first or casual reading. For it is very easy reading, and the Englishman is much too apt to measure the author's by the reader's labour; he is reluctant to admit it a tribute that, on turning the last page, one is scarcely aware of having read a book at all. One's mind is full, not of a book, a biography, but of a man—the man Emerson—living, walking, talking, writing, against the personal and impersonal background that was his, that shaped him, was in turn shaped by him, and delivered him to the world the thing, the great spirit, he was. The merit of glass, said Emerson, is not to be seen but to be seen through, and that merit Mr. Brooks' writing has. It is a merit that needs stressing, both because it is uncommon in modern biography and because it is so apt, of its nature, to be overlooked. Any page, any chapter, of this book may seem built up of a succession of casual, almost irrelevant, and at times even frivolous touches. We are reminded of the carpets that had to be cleaned, the lost cows, the freakish visitors. 'He tried to listen to the hymn of the gods and he heard this perpetual cock-a-doodle-doo, right under the library windows'. It looks so easy, so inconsequent taken line

by line, yet who has tried it will know what fine selective capacity is demanded to preserve it, in its totality, from inconsequence. Each sentence is a picture, and at the same time a deftly placed mosaic-fragment, one stroke of the brush towards a complete and living portrait. Here Emerson lives his life, an awkward timid boy in his European-cultured Boston home, happily wandering field and wood; as student, as beginning writer, listening to his tutors' talk of a new native American literature; as preacher first and then secular lecturer (but with a touch of the minister still); as traveller in America and Europe. We see him in Boston and Concord, among his family and his intimates; see him turning always to Nature, and to Plato and the Neo-Platonists and the teachings of the East, for that inspiration which fills his soul like a sail with the steady wind of an assured knowledge; see him declaring his doctrine of Self-Reliance, and drawing after him most of the crank reformers of the day; see him at last standing forth as rebel indeed, denouncing the Fugitive Slave Law: 'I will not obey it, by God!' So he passes to the final phase, when honour is paid to a man living more and more in his remote dreams, unable to remember even Longfellow's name when he looked upon him lying in his coffin, until 'at last there was left only a sense of presence'.

Mr. Brooks has humour, but it is without malice; he pays the tribute of respect where he recognises greatness. But is his book complete? As a 'life' in the common sense, yes. As a study of Emerson's teachings, less surely so. They are at best but indicated, implied. We think this a pity in a book otherwise so attractive, for Emerson has perhaps more of a message for us today than we are apt to realise or than Mr. Brooks makes clear.

Magpie. By Lois Vidal. Faber. 12s. 6d.

The vagabonds who find a night's lodging in Cecil Houses, the vagrants along the great arterial roads who cadge lifts from passing lorries and shillings from their drivers, the unemployables sheltered in Salvation Army hostels, the derelicts waiting in the anterooms of mental hospitals—what is their real life, their thought, their feeling? They are so inarticulate that we forget they may have thoughts to utter; or their lying stories are so glib that we neglect to imagine that the truth may be more tragic.

Miss Vidal's autobiography *Magpie*, with its delightful opening chapter about a large united family in a country vicarage and its light-hearted publishers' blurb about 'unusual' and 'curious' adventures, gives us no foretaste of the book's real quality. But early enough the shadows cast by coming events are visible. The physical collapse of brothers and sisters, the mental ruin of the father, the growing evidence of nervous instability in the writer, prophesy no easy passage for her through life. A clever and promising child, winning scholarships, passing examinations, she could not stand the strain of prolonged concentration. Three months in France, as a prelude to a Somerville Scholarship, finished her. She went to the Mental Hospital where—for six years already my father had lain *perdu*'. She describes that period, not as anguish but as exaltation. 'I was only too triumphant at having at last come into my heritage, not of madness as I knew it, who had read of Lamb and Mary and Lear and Poor Tom, and all the crazy loons of history, as of kindred spirits, but of that enfranchisement of the spirit that must adventure beyond the world's limits'. She recovered; she went to a gardening school. But throughout her life those periods of exaltation and numb reaction alternated with vivacious, courageous, untameable sanity. She lived at Boar's Hill with her mother—and that mutually exasperating, affectionate, intolerable relationship is admirably conveyed, with compassionate understanding. The War came. She worked in England as typist, in France with Y.M.C.A. canteens. Her beloved brother was killed, her friend Betty struck in an air-raid at Etaples. She had a post-War period in France with the Imperial War Graves Commission and American Relief work on the Aisne. It was too much. Back she went to the mental hospital she calls her 'home of love'. Thenceforward, the pendulum swings. She was attractive. She had adventures with men, fell in love and out of it quickly enough. She went to Corsica as a housemaid, to Canada as a journalist who never got a job, back to England, in and out of work as a domestic servant, growing steadily less and less employable, less and less amenable to the conventional rules of society, until, like the magpie she takes as her symbol, she lived round

the Soho streets or Bournemouth roads, literally 'picking up' food and lodging as she could, ordering meals for which she could not pay, sleeping accompanied or unaccompanied as she could in any bed, borrowing from friends, treasuring her bright ruined clothes, her peacocks' feathers, her books, her tags of Latin, her haggard prettiness, and the scraps of paper on which this book was written. A period of complete collapse, mental and physical, brought her again to hospital, then to a Salvation Army home. But again she recovered; again she set off upon her travels—and, suddenly, described in a casual half-page, she married, and the story ends.

After her sole attempt at suicide, a doctor once observed to her: 'You don't seem to have made much of the contribution to the community. Do you *want* to get well?' This record may not be wholly true. Miss Vidal has boasted of her romantic powers. But if not true in every detail, it seems honest enough in spirit. And if so brave, so gay, so moving, so vital a story of defeat and victory, of man's indomitable spirit in the face of every possible weakness and humiliation, helplessness and misery, is not a considerable contribution to the community, we do not know what may be.

The Life of the Rook. By G. K. Yeates

Philip Allan. 10s. 6d.

There have been monographs on the rook before, but they have been written mainly from ground-level; Mr. Yeates writes mainly from tree-top level. Although he follows the rook's life-history from the break-up of the great communal roosts in early March to their resumption in late November, his most significant work is the collection of evidence from his tree hide during the period between the courtship of the parents and the fledgling of the young. His close-up observations show that feeding the female plays a definite part in courtship and continues for about a month after the first egg is laid; that mating takes place on the nest only; that mobbing is a punishment not for theft of sticks but for promiscuity (this is his most remarkable discovery); that the male does not share in incubation; and that the supposed posting of sentinels by rooks when feeding on the ground is a myth. Mr. Yeates began his work in a spirit of judicious scepticism towards the dogmatic assertions often made about rook behaviour, and he states his own conclusions with a caution that never goes beyond the evidence he has actually gathered. His book is a real contribution to our knowledge of one of the most interesting of the commoner species, but there remain, as he indicates, several questions about this bird which still require a great deal of intensive study. His twenty-two photographs are of a high level, particularly for the range of expression he has secured.

Further Extracts from the Note-books of Samuel Butler. Edited by A. T. Bartholomew. Cape. 7s. 6d.

It is remarkable that the selections from Butler's Note-books published in 1912 should have left so large and so rich an aftermath to harvest. Mr. Bartholomew (whose last illness and untimely death last year immediately followed the completion of the manuscript of this volume) wisely varied the method of presentation, giving the extracts, not in an order of subjects, as in the earlier selections, but chronologically. This has the effect of showing how fixed were some of Butler's leading ideas, notably those concerning the neglect of himself and his works in the public's estimation, and his dislike of the public's established idols, such as Darwin, Tennyson, Gladstone, Dean Stanley, duns, fathers and the Deity. These prejudices recur throughout in a multitude of whimsical flings and flirts, but with unaltering substance.

Butler's indulgences in the simple pleasures of cynicism and blasphemy are, however, only a part of the notes. He apparently began early to jot down ideas as a mine for his books; and he developed a regular system for copying and indexing them. But he found, as he more than once confesses, that he never in fact referred to them; and he often afterwards forgot what the significance of a note had been to him when he made it, and asked himself why he went on taking the trouble to fill the note-books. We may be glad he did. We find here the intimate talk of a very able man indeed, whose ideas on the philosophy of science are entirely original and really profound. We find also a sensitive man, who did but shelter his sensitiveness behind a cloak of hardness. One's first impression is, one must admit, of this latter quality, as in the remark that the commandment to honour one's father and mother was 'written by a parent, and by one who had long lost his own father and mother', and of the

humour, scraps of which, not all his own, he caught on the wing and preserved, as for example his man Alfred's remark that he was not 'feeling walkative', the question once asked him whether New Zealand were not 'the place where the hot water grows wild', or Festing Jones' reminiscence of a College tutor who could say the Creed so fast that he could give anyone else down to Pontius Pilate and beat him. Specially valuable is the devastating anonymous epigram of 1885 on Gladstone's joining the Gordon Memorial Committee, which was unknown to the present reviewer, and is going straight into his copy of *The Soul of Wit*. But, to repeat, behind Butler's humour and hard brilliance is another man altogether, to whom 'faith consists in holding that the instincts of the best men and women are in themselves an evidence which may not be set aside lightly', heaven 'is in men's loving thoughts', and God is enthroned by us 'upon the wings of birds, on the petals of flowers, on the faces of our friends, and upon whatever we most delight in of all that lives upon earth', a man who (most surprising revelation of all) regularly attended his old school dinners, who was kind to stray cats, and who showed, in short, all the symptoms of a heart. The chronological arrangement of the notes jumbles the two moods together at haphazard, which after all is only the way of life itself, and is certainly the way of pleasant desultory reading, while more serious purposes are served by an admirable index.

Palestine. By Norman Bentwich. Benn. 21s.

This book is, as might be expected from the author, a first-rate piece of work on a particularly complicated and controversial subject. As an Englishman, a Jew, a former official in the service of the Palestine Government, and the victim of an outrage arising from the unhappy Palestinian feud between Jews and Arabs, Mr. Bentwich is in no danger of not knowing his subject at first-hand, and the reader will find that he benefits by this first-hand knowledge throughout the book. The danger, in such a case, is rather that the first-hand knowledge of burning questions may be purchased at the price of passion and prejudice; and the most notable feature of Mr. Bentwich's work is that he has kept it entirely free from this blemish—and that not, apparently, by a painful effort of abnegation, but by a natural large-mindedness which is a moral as well as an intellectual gift. Practical examples are the conclusion (on pages 166-8) of the chapter called 'Thirteen Years of British Administration', and the later chapter on 'Arab-Jewish Relations' (page 221). 'The Jews are too contemptuous of facts, the English of ideas.... Here are, as it were, two chosen Peoples, each feeling that they have a mission, who do not meet but remain in splendid isolation and do not comprehend each other's ideals'. The crux of the relations between Jewish Zionists and English administrators in Palestine could not have been better put in short compass, and the following dictum on Jews and Arabs is equally good. 'It may be said that both peoples today resemble a Janus with two faces, one turned to the East and one turned to the West; but in their relations with each other the Jew turns his Western face and the Arab his Eastern face'. In general the book is a comprehensive survey of all the topics into which the subject falls, but with a sure eye for the interesting and significant things.

In sketching in the historical background, Mr. Bentwich indicates the tolerant atmosphere of the Arab Caliphate, in which Jewish and Arabic culture flourished harmoniously side by side (page 34). In dealing with current Palestinian political problems, he notes that the years 1924-9 were a period of comparative tranquillity and constructiveness in Palestine and throughout the world simultaneously (page 154). On the other hand, in the economic sphere, the world economic depression has coincided, as Mr. Bentwich points out, with a local Palestinian boom. In peering into the future, in the light of the past, Mr. Bentwich foresees prosperity for Palestine, on the material plane, as the meeting-point of a number of convergent inter-continental routes—which are being restored to life by the motor-car and the aeroplane and the pipe-line, even more than by the railway (page 284). But he realises that these potential economic assets will profit Palestine and her peoples nothing if discord reigns in human relations; and he rightly and courageously points out that, in the betterment of Arab-Jewish relations, it is for the Jews to take the initiative—'both because they are the newcomers, and because they are at present the more developed and intellectual of the two peoples, and lastly, because they are the bearers of a great moral heritage with regard to the relations between nations' (pages 289-90). Finally, Mr. Bentwich is frank in recognising the difficulties, and this on either side. He takes care not to underestimate the latent strength of Pan-Arab feeling; and he



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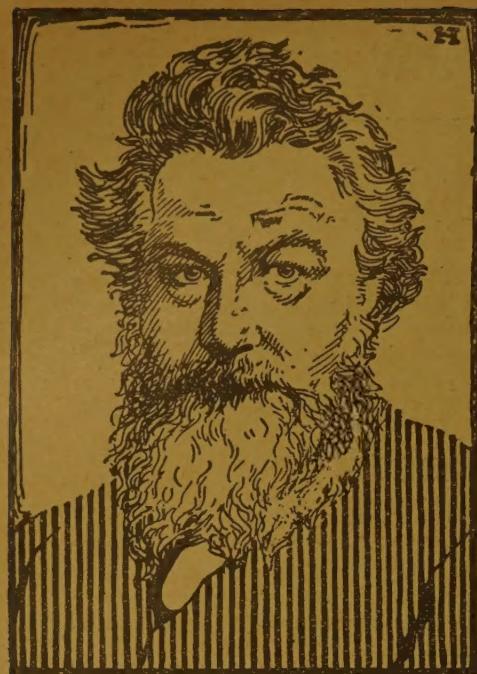
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compares the psychological effect of the post-War partition of the ex-Ottoman Arab territories to that of the partition of Poland (page 182). On the Jewish side, he takes care not to minimise the mischief done by the Revisionists (pages 204-5). Altogether, this is a really satisfactory book on a subject which has more or less defeated most of Mr. Bentwich's predecessors in the attempt to grapple with it.

The Autobiography of a Liverpool Irish Slummy

By Pat O'Mara. Hopkinson. 10s. 6d.

Ever since the 'hungry forties' of last century, Liverpool has been a dumping ground for Irish people starved out of their own country and too poor, or too improvident, to collect the fare to America. Most of its labourers (not by any means of exclusively Irish origin) are housed in wretched, ramshackle, overcrowded tenements close to the docks, and are almost compelled to live from hand to mouth, not only because of the sordidness of their environment but because dock-labourers are engaged from day to day and can never be certain what their week's wages will total. Since the War, the municipal authorities have created great belts of new housing estates on the outskirts of the city—perhaps the most impressive work of its kind in the country—but the problem of transport still keeps the great majority of those who would benefit most by new housing tied to a waterfront which grows no pleasanter as its overcrowded tenements age. Mr. O'Mara tells a remarkable and moving story, and tells it very well, with an almost incredible detachment, a quiet skill in the use of words, and without a hint of self-pity. His mother is Irish-born, his father was the son of an Irishman who had come to Merseyside and prospered. To a certain extent Mr. O'Mara's story is typical of any boy born in any slum anywhere. It gains individuality from his own courage and humour and charm—none of them self-conscious; colour from the dockside environment and the Irishry of his upbringing; and a dramatic quality from the character of his father, who was not merely a drunkard, a sponger and an idler, but at times a homicidal maniac. Mr. O'Mara's matter-of-fact accounts of his own and his sister's attempts in their childhood to save their mother from their father's brutal attacks make appalling reading, no less than his detailed descriptions of the dirt and degradation of their various lodgings. Eventually the mother was persuaded to take a 'police separation', and the children grew old enough to earn money. When the War came Mr. O'Mara, still in his teens, turned sailor, and after the Armistice was able to make a living as taxi-driver in Baltimore so successfully that his mother and his sister have now joined him there. He has also another career, for he has published two novels, and on the evidence of this autobiography this slum-reared young man, with a scraped-together education, is likely to be a distinguished writer. There are some irritating misspellings in the book, and the chronology of the War years is badly muddled, but it is an authentic work of art as well as a social document. The fact that it is so well written makes it the more impressive as evidence that no human beings ought to be cramped in their development by such sickening obstacles as Mr. O'Mara has overcome—for those of his friends who were not killed in the War are presumably still living alongside the Liverpool docks much as he left them.

Ways and Crossways. By Paul Claudel

Sheed and Ward. 7s. 6d.

We cannot help feeling that it was a tactical mistake on the publishers' part to follow their translation of Claudel's *Satin Slipper*, one of the most significant works of the age, with this very miscellaneous collection of homilies. Even the fact that the essays are translated from the author's manuscript and appear here for the first time in book form does not seem to justify the venture. There are twenty items in the book—addresses, letters, introductions, reviews, and meditations—covering a period of about fifteen years. The majority seem to have arisen out of the author's ambassadorial functions, first in Japan and now in the United States of America; they range from an address to the Catholic Actors of New York to an essay on the physics of the Eucharist, from a preface to a Japanese translation of a book of devotions to a fanciful projection of an underground church in Chicago. As an apologist for the Catholic religion, Claudel is not ingratiating; he is too cocksure—too contemptuous of doubt, and that is not the way of the great Catholic mystics, nor of a modern intellectual Catholic like Jacques Maritain. This same quality detracts from his observations on poetry and art. When he says 'a Catholic knows what is black and what is white; to every question he can answer yes, or no, a full clear yes, and a

resounding no. All these things are priceless to a poet and to an artist, because scepticism, doubt, hesitation, are just the deadly cancer of true art', he is either limiting the conception of true art to one which would not be generally acceptable, or he is just denying the facts. Some of the world's greatest poetry has been written out of a state of spiritual doubt, Shakespeare's and Keats', to take obvious examples, and Keats would have held that it is precisely a state of doubt, of mental and spiritual tension, that is most favourable to poetic inspiration. M. Claudel himself is in difficulties in the case of Baudelaire, whom he has to admit the greatest French poet of the nineteenth century. He overcomes these difficulties in a typically off-hand manner: 'Yes, Baudelaire is the greatest French poet of the nineteenth century, because he is the poet of Remorse'. Remorse was undoubtedly one of the qualities which Baudelaire expressed in his poetry, but it is not the only one and it is not the kind of quality that is actually productive. Poetic force is either creative or destructive, divine or satanic; Baudelaire himself wrote: 'Deux qualités littéraires fondamentales: surnaturalisme et ironie'. And irony is the instrument of doubt.

The translation of this volume is due to Fr. John O'Connor, who succeeded so well in the much more difficult case of *The Satin Slipper*.

Coleridge. Select Poetry and Prose

Ed. Stephen Potter. Nonesuch Press. 8s. 6d.

In this very fine edition, which includes nearly all the poetry and 600 pages of the prose, Mr. Stephen Potter has not only collected, with a maximum of efficiency and a minimum of editorial fuss, Coleridge's most important passages of literary criticism, but also much which is notable among the letters, the table-talk and the theologic-metaphysical writings. Mr. Potter has not marred his text with footnotes and digressions, but has added a hundred pages of succinct, accurate and useful notes. To Aristotelians, to whom (in spite of Aristotle's warning) the order of the inorganic world is the type of all intellectual order, the mind of Coleridge appears a vast ruin, a workshop littered with uncompleted fragments, and there is no doubt that Coleridge, having once seen his imaginative vision, was haunted all his life by the memory of that vision, but to regard him primarily as a 'haunted man' reveals a serious misconception. He was no longer a poet; but he became in his intellectual vision, part of 'the old England, the spiritual Platonic old England'. 'Let England be Sir Philip Sydney, Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Harrington, Swift, Wordsworth, and never let the names of Darwin, Johnson, Hume, fur it over'. His 'system' he did not, and could not complete, for the final reason that the system was all-inclusive. 'To support all old and venerable truths, to support, to kindle, to project, to make the reason spread light over our feelings, to make our feelings diffuse vital warmth through our reason—these are my objects and these my subjects'; and again: 'To find no contradiction in the union of old and new; to contemplate the ancient of days and all his works with feelings as fresh, as if all had then sprung forth at the first creative fiat; . . . to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances, which every day for perhaps forty years had rendered familiar'.

That was Coleridge's triumph: he never arrived at that 'fatigued way of looking at great subjects' which sometimes grows upon the man who is brought to those subjects too early, or too unwillingly, or held to them long after the first enthusiasm passes. Therefore you may open this book at random, and find on every page some observation which is just, and which is surprisingly modern, and which at the same time illuminates some 'old and venerable truth'. 'I do not wish you to act from these truths. No! still and always act from your feelings; but only meditate often on these truths, that sometime or other they may become your feelings'. It is the voice of an older, and wiser Lawrence, and the same sympathy and understanding appears in his table-talk with J. H. Frere: 'Poor Shelley . . . I should have laughed at his Atheism. I could have sympathised with him and shown him that I did so. I could have shown him that I had once been in the same state myself, and I could have guided him through it'. That is the kind of wisdom which is shown only in its continual exercise: it is not a doctrine to be summarised and tidily presented in some convenient handbook. Its range and depth of understanding can be shown only in such a volume as this, and to the editor and the publishers is due credit for having produced an anthology which is not an epitome of popular taste, a deliberate best-seller, but rather a work likely to produce a deeper and more permanent effect than the most striking of the new books of the month.

New Short Stories

The Salzburg Tales. By Christina Stead. Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.

After Such Pleasures. By Dorothy Parker. Longmans. 6s.

The Naked Truth and Eleven Other Stories. By Luigi Pirandello. Translated by A. & H. Mayne. Lane. 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR

THE SALZBURG TALES is a very unusual book. It is unusual in style and subject-matter, but particularly in plan. It is a sequence of tales of varying lengths arranged methodically to cover five days, and told by a miscellaneous collection of characters to whom we are introduced on the evening of the open-air production of 'Jedermann'. The introduction is a brilliant *tour de force*; the people who tell and listen to the story are witty, cosmopolitan and in part famous. The scene is the charming town of Salzburg, and we move with the company from the Kapuzinerberg to the Mirabell-garten, and from the Mirabell-garten to the 'Bazar'. There is a Master of Ceremonies who chooses the story-tellers and from whose command there is no appeal. The plan of the book, in other words, is highly artificial, and the whole is not unlike a game in which the rules have to be rigidly adhered to and an endless ingenuity within limits is demanded of the players. The result is not a mere collection of short stories but a design of fascinating intricacy in which the tales themselves serve as a sort of decoration. The setting by itself transports us into another world, and this gives the tales a particular seclusion and intimacy that is never to be found in a volume of short stories cast naked and defenceless into the world.

The models which Miss Stead's book resembles most are *The Thousand and One Nights* and *The Decameron*. The setting is of essential importance in both, and the stories they contain would lose half their richness if they were not coloured with the royal luxury of the one and the springtime simplicity of the other, even when they deal with the fortunes of poor fishermen and camel-drivers or the love affairs of princesses and famous courtesans. Both books also fulfil another condition without which they could not produce the effect they do: they presuppose an interval of deliberate or enforced idleness, a break in the ordinary course of life which the characters are endowed with the capacity to employ in the most delightful way possible, filling it completely with their wit and fancy and never relapsing, under pain of disgrace, into dullness. Miss Stead has observed these two essential conditions; she has evoked a delightful setting and collected a company of temporarily idle people who have nothing to do but chase dull time away, profitably, by their wit, ingenuity and knowledge of life. Nothing could be more delightful, or more remote from the world as we know it today. And if one accepts it as a piece of pure imaginative entertainment, there is nothing one can do but praise it warmly. It can as legitimately claim exemption from our ordinary judgments as Lamb said the figures in Restoration comedy could, though for different reasons. It stands or falls purely by the play of its invention, the interest of its style, and its power to touch, amuse, surprise and delight us; it hardly ever tries to convince, but is generally successful when it does. Miss Stead shows a very unusual capacity to do all those other things, an admirable variety within the limits she has set herself, and a felicity and boldness of fantasy that remind one of that delightful and too little known German writer, E. T. A. Hoffmann.

An essential of stories told to a company is that they should be about some extraordinary figure or event; the typical and the ordinary are barred; only the curious and extravagant are permissible. Miss Stead ranges from the purely delightful to the horrible in these inventions of hers. 'In Doulcemer' is broadly and grotesquely humorous; 'The Triskellion' is a nightmare made bearable only by its few touches of brutal irony; 'Guest at Redshields' is a perfectly sustained little extravaganza, and so on. The author gives one the feeling that her invention is inexhaustible and that she could go on lying gracefully without ever being at a loss; and it is this sense of the endlessness of invention, the infinite permutations the mind is capable of imagining when it is unfettered by responsibility, that makes one's pleasure in reading the book a profound one. It is not so long, so various and surprising as either *The Thousand and One Nights* or *The Decameron*. The author does not create a whole world by her fantasy as Scheherazade did; she has none of those stories within stories which in *The Thousand and*

One Nights seem to take us deeper and deeper into the world of imagination until we touch its very confines. But she has something of that power; she quickens and liberates one's mind by the free movement of her fantasy, and pleases it by the symmetry of the total design. It is in the design that her view of life is expressed, and it is a perfectly serious one. Those who like to re-encounter experience in unexpected symbols will find great pleasure in reading this brilliant book.

After Such Pleasures is simply a collection of short stories, which is to say that it deals essentially with the typical, not the exceptional. Miss Parker describes with skill and economy the embarrassment caused in a polite household by the social obligation of entertaining a temporary sick-nurse, the awkward feelings of a young married couple on their first train journey, the inane evening conversations of husbands and wives, the commonplace pleasures of professional society people, the ennui, worry, vanity, snobbery and comedy of life as it is lived by respectable and unrespectable people in American towns today. She is witty, cruel and collected in manner; but her criticism of the people she describes is remarkably just and penetrating. She has a fine gift for putting her finger on the commonplace, and she can extract a new commonplaceness from it, so that the spectacle of triteness awakens in us something like astonishment. The fatuity of human conversation is reproduced by her with all the force of a special revelation, though sometimes she descends to tricks or falls into mannerisms in exposing it. There are whole pages in this style:

'Well, I mean, goodness, we've only been married about three hours, haven't we?'

The young man studied his wrist-watch as if he were just acquiring the knack of reading time.

'We have been married', he said, 'exactly two hours and twenty-six minutes.'

'My', she said. 'It seems like longer.'

'No', he said. 'It isn't hardly half-past six yet.'

'It seems like later', she said. 'I guess it's because it starts getting dark so early.'

'It does, at that', he said. 'The nights are going to be pretty dark from now on. I mean. I mean—well, it starts getting dark early.'

'I didn't have any idea what time it was', she said.

And so on, in a nightmare clutching on to the theme of the moment, which in the particular context is very effective. But Miss Parker also applies it as a set method to other situations where it is less suitable, and although this produces a very vivid impression of human fatuity it tends to become a featureless and monotonous one. That, however, is the only serious fault that can be found with her illuminating and witty delineations of American life. She has an excellent sense of form, an admirable economy, and the effects she produces are legitimate and never cheap. She is not in the first rank as a short story writer, her sensibility is too narrow and specialised. But within her limits she could hardly be better.

The Naked Truth is not so good a collection of short stories as *Better think twice about it*, which appeared last year, and the title story is actually poor. Yet the book confirms Pirandello's claim to be considered a story-teller in the grand style. The best of these stories seem to grow of themselves, without a single distorting touch being added by the author; they have the objectivity almost of folk tales or of news. Some of them end with surprises in the most approved way, but the surprises are natural, not rehearsed; they are surprises such as life often springs when everything seems to have been told. A few of the stories are interesting as foreshadowing Pirandello's later style—'The Naked Truth' and 'The Rivers of Lapland', for instance—but the best are those in which he tells a simple story without direct or indirect comment.

Mr. Muir also recommends the following novels: *Luminous Isle*, by Eliot Bliss (Cobden-Sanderson); *Family Skeleton*, by Kathleen Boyle (Ivor Nicholson and Watson); *Fly Away, Youth*, by Godfrey Winn (Duckworth); and *Miss Ogilvy Finds Herself*, by Radclyffe Hall (Heinemann)—the first 8s. 6d., the others 7s. 6d.